



3 1761 07837415 4

Burnett, Frances (Hodgson)  
Little Lord Fauntleroy

PS

1214

L47

1913



Ex Libris  
J. A. McNeil

French's International Copyrighted (in England, her Colonies  
United States) Edition of the Works of the Best Authors

No. 42

\$1.00

# *Little Lord Fauntleroy*

A Drama In Three Acts

FOUNDED ON THE STORY OF THE SAME NAME

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

COPYRIGHT, 1913, (in renewal) BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

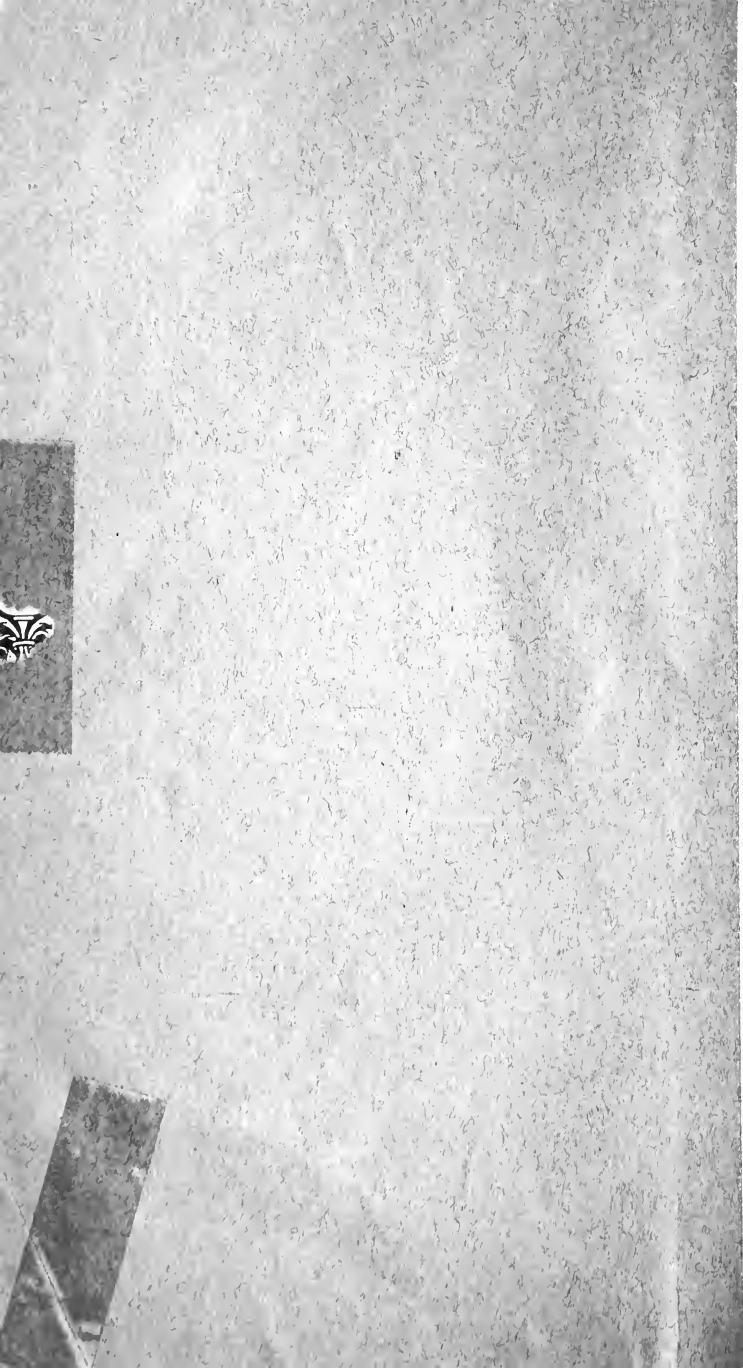
**CAUTION:**—Professionals and Amateurs are hereby notified that this play is fully copyrighted under existing laws of the United States Government, and nobody is allowed to do this play without first having obtained permission of SAMUEL FRENCH, 28 West 38th St., New York City, U. S. A.

**PRICE 30 CENTS**

NEW YORK  
SAMUEL FRENCH  
PUBLISHER

3—30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON  
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.  
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET  
STRAND



# *Little Lord Fauntleroy*

A Drama In Three Acts

FOUNDED ON THE STORY OF THE SAME NAME

---

---

BY  
FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

---

---

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT  
COPYRIGHT, 1913, (in renewal) BY FRANCES HODG-  
SON BURNETT

**CAUTION:**—Professionals and Amateurs are hereby notified that this play is fully copyrighted under existing laws of the United States Government, and nobody is allowed to do this play without first having obtained permission of SAMUEL FRENCH, 28 West 38th St., New York City, U. S. A.

NEW YORK  
SAMUEL FRENCH  
PUBLISHER  
28—30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON  
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.  
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET  
STRAND

75  
1214  
L47  
1913

1913

# LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

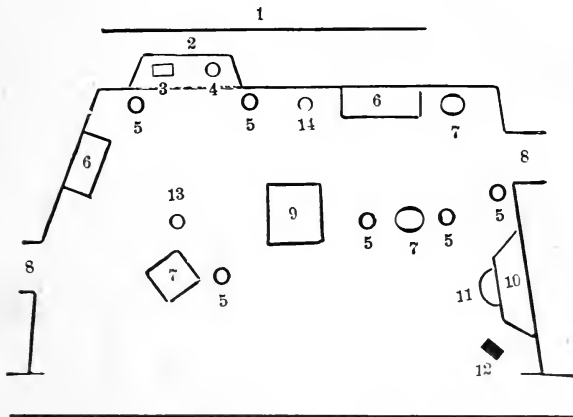
*Original Cast, Broadway Theatre, New York.*

Earl of Dorincourt.....	Mr. J. H. GILMORE.
Cedric Errol (Lord Fauntleroy) {	Miss ELSIE LESLIE.
	Master TOMMY RUSSELL.
Mr. Havisham, a Solicitor.....	Mr. F. F. MACKAY.
Mr. Hobbs, a Grocer... ..	Mr. GEORGE PARKHURST.
Dick, a Bootblack.....	Mr. FRANK E. LAMB.
Higgins, a Farmer.....	Mr. JOHN SWINBURNE.
Wilkins, a Groom.....	Mr. ALFRED KLEIN.
Thomas, a Footman.....	Mr. JOHN SUTHERLAND.
James, a Servant.....	Mr. T. J. PLUNKETT.
Mrs. Errol ("Dearest").....	Miss KATHRYN KIDDER.
Mina.....	Miss ALICE FISCHER.
Mary.....,	Miss EFFIE GERMON.

# LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

## GROUND PLAN.

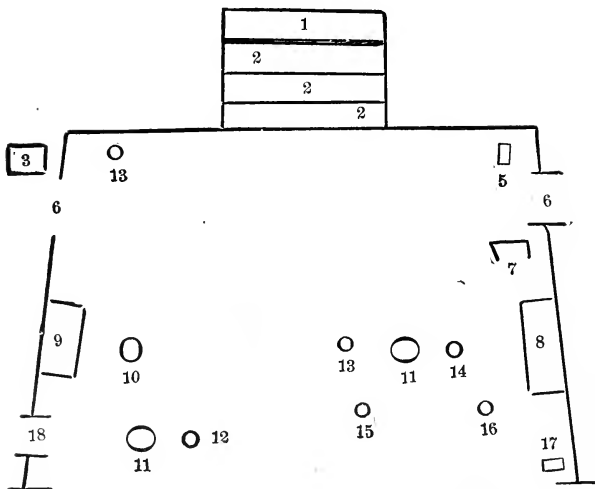
### ACT I.



1. Street backing: view of store with sign. "Silas Hobbs, Corner Store Groceries"; 2. Double window—to open in; 3. Sewing machine, 4. Bird in cage; 5. Chairs; 6. Bookcases, tray, water pitcher on shelf, 7. Tables; 8. Doors to open on and up: Centre piece; 9. Mantel, 10. Mantel, 11. Fender; 12. Work stand; 13. Stool; 14. Waste paper basket. Chintz curtains on windows and R. H. bookcase.

## ACTS II. AND III.

Back drop.



1. Balustrade ; 2. Steps ; 3. Buffet ; 4. Tapestry curtains ; 5. Man in armor ; 6. Opening with tapestry curtains ; 7. Screen ; 8. Fireplace, log burning ; 9. Glass cabinet, bric-a-brac ; 10. Stand lamp ; 11. Tables ; 12. Armchair ; 13. Chairs ; 14. Big armchair ; 15. Stool ; 16. Cushion ; 17. Antique clock ; 18. Door with curtains.

Take off lamp on L. H. table. Cushion and stool for Act III. Put out log and all lights.



# LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—*Small sitting-room in New York house.*

DISCOVERED.—MARY looking out of window R. F. into street at CEDRIC playing with boys.

MARY. Look at him! Look at him now! Rishtycratic, is it? Faith, I'd loike to say the choild on Fift Aveynoo that comes up to him an' stheps out as hansum as himself. Just casht yer oi on him! Is there man, woman or choild as wouldn't turn their hids to look afther him—wid his hid up an' his curly hair flyin' an' shoinin'! It's loike a young lord he is! See that now! (*bends forward and nods her head*) Bless the friendly little sowl av him—he's noddin' to me. Let him be playing ivver so hard an' he's got a laugh an' a nod for them that's his friends. (*raising her voice*) I see yez, darlint. Good luck to yez. Sure it's yez 'll win the race. (*closing window. In a lower voice*) There isn't another pair of legs in the sthrate that's the bate of the pair in the brown stockin's. I minded the howls in them last noight. An' nigh as big assaicers they was too—ivvery howl av them—but wouldn't me an' the young misthress kape awake ivvery noight from Monday till Saturday to kape yez lookin' the gintleman's son ye are. (*Ready shouts. Music*)

*Enter* MRS. ERROL, R., looking troubled and holding open letter in her hand.

MRS. E. (*bus.*) Mary. Oh, you are here. (*coming to chair L. of R. table*)

MARY. Yes, ma'am. (*laughs*) I was watchin' Masther Cedric here, playing wid the byes. (*turns and sees Mrs. ERROL'S agitation*) Why, ma'am, it's pale ye are. Have ye had bad news? (*goes to her hurriedly. Mrs. ERROL sinks into chair*)

MRS. E. Yes, I have had bad news—very bad news I am afraid.

MARY. In the letter, ma'am—bad luck to it!

MRS. E. Yes, in the letter. We have had very little money before, Mary—and I am afraid we have lost it nearly all. Mr. Latham, to whom Captain Errol left the charge of all our affairs, has died suddenly, and it appears that he has made indiscreet speculations and has had great misfortunes.

MARY. (*fiercely*) Misforchens, is it? He's had the misforchen to play ducks and drakes wid the bit o' money the poor Captain left his young widdy an' choild—he's had the misforchen to take the brid out av the mouth av the bye that's playin' in the sthrute there as happy as a king, an' lave his mother widout a roof to cover her. Bad cess to his misforchens and you looking as pale as a lily wid the throuble av it.

MRS. E. I shall be better directly, Mary. It was the shock. It may not be as bad as it seems, and I don't think he is a bad man. He may have thought he was acting for the best. He was very fond of Captain Errol. Sometimes the best men are indiscreet. I will go and see Mr. Blair, my lawyer, at once. (*rises from her seat and sinks back again, resting her elbow on table and her forehead on her hand*)

MARY. Faith, it's taken all the strength out av ye, ma'am.

MRS. E. No—no! Is Cedric still there, Mary?

MARY. Yes, ma'am—shall I call him? (*going up*)

MRS. E. No—I don't want him to see me looking ill. It would trouble him so and I shall be better in a moment.

MARY. (*bringing glass of water from chiffonier up L.*) Drink that, ma'am, your color's coming back already.

MRS. E. (*drinks water, gives back glass to MARY*) Thank you, Mary. You can understand. It is Cedric I am thinking of.

MARY. Sure an' it's never yourself you think of, ma'am.

MRS. E. (*smiling gently*) Don't we always think of Cedric, Mary? After his father died—you know what he was to me then—though he was such a tiny child—I am sure he understood, and tried to help me in his innocent way. You know how he used to look at me—with that wondering loving little look, and then come up and pet me and show me his playthings.

MARY. Small blame to us, ma'am, who wouldn't think of him? (*shouts heard*) Hear him shoutin' out there like a young dook.

MRS. E. (*gets up and approaches window*) Yes—how happy he looks! Ah, Mary, how could I bear to see him look less happy. He has had such a bright little life; he has such a gay little heart. He has comforted me many a day when I think I should have died if I had not had him near me. (*down to table R., seated*)

MARY. Indade I do. An' the quare little ways av him—an' his ould-fashioned sayin's. Didn't he come into my kitchen the noight the new President was nominated and shtand before the foire lookin' loike a picter, wid his hands in his shmall pockets, an' his innocent bit av a face as sayrious as a judge. An' sez he to me, "Mary," sez he, "I'm very much ent'rusted in the 'lection," sez he, "I'm a 'publican an' so is Dearest. Are you a 'publican, Mary?" "Sorra a bit," sez I, "I'm the best o' Demmycrats." An' he looks up at me with a look that wud go to yer heart an' sez he, "Mary," sez he, "the country will go to ruin," an' nivver a day since thin has he let go by widout argyin' wid me to change me polytics.

MRS. E. Whatever happens, Mary, if the worst comes to the worst, I do not want him to know that I am in trouble. We must try to hide it from him.

MARY. That's thrue, ma'am—sure, ma'am, we'll get along someway—until Masther Cedric's owlder—an' thin it's himself that'll provide for us both in splindor. "Mary," sez he to me only yesterday, "when I'm grown up I'll buy you a pink silk frock an' a photergraf album, an' a bicycle—an' we'll go nearly ivvery day to the circus.

MRS. E. Yes. He will take care of us when he is older, but until then how shall we take care of him? How can I educate him as his father's son should be educated? How can I provide for his future? (*crosses L. and sits at fire*)

MARY. Faith, ma'am, an' there's an ould gentleman in England with castles an' mashons of his own that might have the sowl to remember that his grandson's got an earl for his grandfather.

MRS. E. No—no! (*crosses L.*) The Earl of Dorincourt will do nothing for him. He has never forgiven me for marrying his son; and sometimes—sometimes I have thought that perhaps I was wrong—but I was so young and so lonely, and Captain Errol was so kind.

MARY. An' isn't Masther Cedric the image av himself over again—wid his laugh an' his foine looks and ways? Where's the earl that wouldn't be proud av such a grandson—if he once set eyes on him?

MRS. E. He never will, Mary.

MARY. Did he never write, ma'am?

MRS. E. Never: he did not even answer Captain Errol's letter announcing Cedric's birth; he has never written since the time just after our marriage, when he said he would never speak to him or see him again, and that he might live and die as he pleased. No, my little boy will gain nothing from being the grandson of the Earl of Dorincourt. I have only Cedric and Cedric has only his mother. (*rises*) So you see I must be very brave, but I must go at once and see Mr. Blair. Will you give me my hat and

gloves? (*exit MARY into next room, R. 2 E. Outside*—"Get on the line—*toe square.*" MRS. ERROL *goes to window again and looks out—children's voices heard*) How excited they are. How happy he looks—but he is always gay. (MARY *returns with hat and gloves, MRS. ERROL speaks to MARY*) The race is just going to begin, Mary; I think I must wait and see the end of it. (MARY *lays down hat and comes to window and stands on chair.*)

MARY. See the spherit av him—settin' them all in their places—an' them dancin' about like young imps. (*outside*—"Stand steady—stand steady.") It's Billy Williams he's goin' to race with, ma'am.

MRS. E. (*L. of window on her knees. MARY still on chair*) And there is Mr. Hobbs has come out of his grocery store at the corner—and, Mary, there is a bootblack with his box strapped on his back. Is that a new acquaintance? They seem to know each other quite well.

MARY. Sorra a doubt av it, ma'am; he's frinds wid ivvery body—all from the policeman to the ould applewoman at the corner.

MRS. E. He certainly has some odd friends, but they are all kind to him. (*shouts*—"Stand ready." "Get on the line—*toe square.*") Now they are beginning. The bootblack is going to drop the handkerchief. One to be ready, two to be steady, three and away. Ah, (*shouts*) Mary. (*clasps her hands*) see how he runs!

MARY. Watch the little legs av him!

MRS. E. And see how his curls fly!

MARY. Small chance for Billy Williams.

MRS. E. He is first, Mary! Oh! (*startled*) I thought he was going to fall.

MARY. Sorra a fear.

MRS. E. The bootblack is running too!

MARY. An' sure there's Mr. Hobbs has shtarted after them full tilt.

MRS. E. Ceddie is winning! Ceddie is winning!

MARY. Down goes Mr. Hobbs! (*laughter outside; excited at race*) A fine race he's running—look at that—away he goes—get out at that, ould man—sure ye'll stop him. (*shouts outside, "Hurray! Hurray!"*) Ah, look at the pollisman, clappin' his hands and hurryin' him, like any Christian—look at the folks laughin' an' cheerin'. Go on now, Master Cedric dear! Now he's off again! Now he's winnin'! Hurra! Hurra! Master Cedric! He's won! He's won! (*cuts a caper. Shouts*)

MARY. Faith! an' I knew he would—sure, ma'am—here he's comin' full tilt to tell yez about it, an' bringin' Mr. Hobbs an' the bootblack with him. Here they are! (*exits to open door L. CEDRIC looks in at window.*)

CED. Dearest! Dearest!

*Enter CEDRIC, excited, followed by MR. HOBBS, mopping his forehead. DICK looking a little awkward. CEDRIC runs to his mother, who catches him in her arms, laughing.*

CED. Ah! Dearest. Were you at the window? Did you see us? We had the most splendid race you ever knew. Billy Williams—you know Billy Williams? Well, he ran me from the potato barrel outside Mr. Hobbs' store. You know the potato barrel? He ran me from the potato barrel to the applewoman, and I won—and Mr. Hobbs and Dick will tell you about it. Tell her, Dick, because I'm all out of breath. Ah! I forgot, you don't know Dick—he's my intimate friend, Dick is—and he blacks boots—and we're very good friends. Dick, 'low me to interdooce you to my mamma. (*DICK grins and ducks his head and backs against MR. HOBBS*)

MRS. E. How do you do, Dick? How do you do, Mr. Hobbs? (*sitting R. To CEDRIC*) My dear Ceddie, how hot you are.

CED. (*rubbing his head energetically with his handkerchief rolled into a wad*) Yes, I'm very hot, Dearest, but it was only the race—and Dick dropped the handkerchief—and I nearly ran into the applewoman—(but not quite, and she didn't mind it at all, because she's a very kind applewoman)—and she got quite excited and waved her umbrella, and said, "Hooray," and I told Dick I wanted him to come and be interdooced to you—because you say you're always happy to meet my friends.

MRS. E. Certainly, dear, always. (*sits on chair*)

CED. (*L. of chair*) And Dick, you see Dick did me a great favor. You know that day that I had a new baseball—well, I was playing with it and it bounced into the middle of the street among the carriages, and—and I was very much disappointed, and Dick was blacking a man's boots, wasn't you, Dick?

DICK. Yes.

CED. And he said "Hello!" and ran in between the horses and caught the ball for me, and wiped it off on his sleeve, and gave it me, and said, "It's all right, young 'un," didn't you, Dick?

DICK. That's so.

CED. So I admired him very much, and ever since then we always say "Hello!" to each other, don't we, Dick?

DICK. Hello! That's so.

CED. And to-day I asked him to come and see some of my books, because he has no books—and it seems 'portant he should know about the Tower of London. (*crosses L.*)

MR. H. (*pompously*) I know him, ma'am; he ain't much to look at, but there ain't no harm in him.

MRS. E. Ah! I'm sure there isn't.

DICK. I think a heap of him, ma'am. (*jerking his head toward CEDRIC*) An' he was a-tellin' me about them there queens, an' he axed me to come an' see the pictures. (*goes up R. C.*)

CED. (*R. of chair*) And I may show them to him, mayn't I, Dearest? And Mr. Hobbs has never seen them either.

MRS. E. (*crosses to table*) Yes, darling, you may show them—I am going out now and I will leave you together.

MR. H. I don't set much store myself by romances.—I prefer the noospapers; but he says this Tower business is true, an' was about the nobility in England, and that's a point I'm interested in—I want to know the wust of 'em.

MRS. E. (*smiling*) But there is a best too, perhaps, Mr. Hobbs. (*goes toward table where hat and mantle are.*)  
DICK *at window.* MRS. ERROL *back of table L.*)

CED. (*running to L. of table*) Let me put them on. (*gives hat to MRS. ERROL and puts shawl on*) Is there—is there anything the matter with your eyes, Dearest? Does your head ache? (*arms around MRS. ERROL'S neck*)

MRS. E. (*kissing him gaily*) Oh! Now I am quite well—quite well. It was only this heat. There, dear, run and get the Tower of London and show it to Dick and Mr. Hobbs. Good-morning, Mr. Hobbs. Good-morning, Dick. (*CEDRIC runs, kiss and exit MRS. ERROL*)

CED. (*runs to window and kisses his hand to her as she passes. Coming back*) I always throw a kiss to her when she passes. (*standing at window*) You see she is my oldest friend of all. Now, for the Tower of London. Sit down, Mr. Hobbs. Sit down, Dick. (*both sit down.* CEDRIC *drags chair to bookcase, climbs, takes down book*) Here it is! The T-o-w-e-r of London. (*gets down—brings book to table—opens it.* MR. HOBBS *looks at picture, takes book and holds it open at arm's length.* DICK *takes brush and polishes CEDRIC'S shoe*)

MR. HOBBS. (*takes book*) Who's this here one in tights a-kneelin' down by a female—with another female comin' in an' a-ketchin' of him?

DICK. He's goin' to get snakes, he is! You betcher life.

CED. Ah! That's the Earl of Courtney, and he is talking to the Princess Elizabeth.

MR. H. One o' them earls, is it? I might ha' knowed it. They're a bad lot. What do they dress like that for? That dress wouldn't do no man credit on Broadway, without a ulster. It's more suited to a young lady in the ballet. How should I looked dressed out in tights with a cocked hat an' a ostrich feather stickin' into it? Why, folks wouldn't trade with me—an' I sup-

pose they think they're goin' to introduce that custom in New York here.

CED. Well, I don't think they dress quite like that, Mr. Hobbs. I'll ask Dearest when she comes in.

MR. H. I wouldn't trust 'em. They're ekal to it, Who's this here female lookin' in an' surprisin' 'em?

CED. That's Queen Mary.

MR. H. (*lays down books and looks over spectacles at CEDRIC*) Present Queen? Her as was last elected?

CED. Oh, no.

MR. H. Any relation to the one they have over there now?

CED. I don't know—but this one lived a long time ago.

MR. H. I'm glad of it. I shouldn't want the Atlantic Ocean to be no narrower if she was livin' there at present. Why, I wouldn't trust that female with nothin'. Says I to myself, Whoever elected her when she was runnin' for the place—whether they was Republicans or Democrats—they made a mistake. Look at her! (*holds out book*)

DICK. (*looking at her. Looking carefully*) You may bile me and eat me if she doesn't look a bit like Minna.

CED. Who was Minna?

DICK. She was the gal my brother Ben married. An' didn't she lead him a life! An' he used to be the bulliest feller you ever see—she druv him off to Californy afore she'd done with him—an' then she skedaddled herself with the kid.

CED. What is a kid, Dick?

DICK. A young 'un. This 'un was a boy, an' not half a bad little feller, either, if yer count out his yellin'. He couldn't help a-yellin', she treated him so bad—once she trew a plate at him and cut his cheek open. I tell yer I went for her.

CED. Well, but this queen was a very bad one. She used to chop people's heads off—and have them burned alive—and tortured with racks and thumbscrews—and she had Lady Jane Grey's head cut off—and Lord Guildford Dudley's—and the Duke of Northumberland's, and—

MR. H. (*standing excitedly mopping his forehead*) Look here, did you say you was sure she was no relation of the present female they have over 'em.

CED. I think not.

MR. H. (*gets up, pushes back chair, and walks about*) I'd like to be sure—if the women folks can sit up on their thrones and give the word for things like them to be done, why, no one ain't safe. Why, when a woman like that gets mad, no one's safe. 'Tain't the Atlantic Ocean, nor yet the Pacific, that's goin' to stand in the way of a female like that there—when she means business. I've

knowed females myself. I'm a widderer. (*crosses L. H. CEDRIC puts book away*)

DICK. Well—ye see this here 'un ain't the one that's bossin' things now—I'm well acquainted with her. I know her name's Victory—and this one's in the book, her name's Mary.

MR. H. So it is—so it is! (*DICK goes up c. and over to R.*)

CED. (*going c.*) But this one has been dead several hundred years, Mr. Hobbs.

MR. H. I'm not so sure as that would help it. Mrs. Hobbs has been dead twenty, an' I've never felt as safe as when I was a bachelor. (*draws Illustrated London News from pocket and shows it*) As to them earls—why look here in this here *London Illustrated Noos*—that's the way they go on now—a honest merchant can't buy a pile o' butter paper without findin' picters of 'em spilen it—them an' markisses. (*DICK comes to back of table*)

CED. Did you ever know many marquises, Mr. Hobbs? or earls?

MR. H. No—I guess not. I'd like to catch one of 'em inside my grocery store—that's all. I'll have no gory tyrants settin' on my cracker barrels. (*DICK at back*)

CED. (*on table L. H.*) Perhaps they wouldn't be earls, Mr. Hobbs, if they knew any better.

MR. H. Wouldn't they? They just glory in it. It's born in 'em. They're a bad lot. (*throws paper down. DICK takes it and goes up and sits on chair of window*)

CED. (*on table*) Well, we ought to be very glad we were born in America. There are no earls here—and all English people aren't earls. My papa was an Englishman, and he wasn't one.

MR. H. Not him! He wasn't that kind! If ever there was a gentleman, Captain Errol he was one. And that was what I said to them as came inquiren' about him at my grocery store this very morning.

CED. About my papa, Mr. Hobbs? How cur'us!

MR. H. That was what stirred me about the earls. You see, there was a elderly gentleman with a sorter sharp face—an' he had another party with him. An' he began askin' his questions—fust about your pa, an' then about your ma—when they come here? An' when you was born? An' when your pa died? An' then I actually hears one on 'em say somethin' in a low voice to the other about "The Earl." (*CEDRIC stares at HOBBS astonished*) There they was a-talkin' of earls (*HOBBS rises*) in my very grocery—an' sez I, "I've answered all the questions I'm a-goin' to, gentlemen—what I've got to say about that there family is, that if ever there was a fine, handsome, sociable gentleman as took no airs an' had a



friend in everybody—that was Captain Errol—an' if ever there was a beautiful young female as it was a honor to provide with groceries—it's his wife; an' if ever there was a boy as 'ud do credit to any grocery business as ever was—it's their son an' heir, Cedric Errol."

CED. (*jumps off of table, shaking HOBBS' hands*) Oh! did you really? I'm sure I'm ever so much obliged, Mr. Hobbs.

MR. H. Yes—I did. "Let credit be gave to them as credits doo," sez I—and then they laughs an' goes out—an' as sure as I'm in the business myself, I heard the old 'un remark. "And in this street lives young Lord Fauntleroy." (*CEDRIC springing back to c.*)

CED. Oh, no! Mr. Hobbs (*sits in chair R. of table*)

MR. H. Them was the words—I heard 'em plain. "In this street lives young Lord Fauntleroy;" an' I sez to myself, "What, have they come over here in the very midst of us?—if they have—there's a end to the glory of the American Republic—an' sugar'll go down three cents a pound." (*R. C.*)

CED. Ascuse me, I can't believe it; but if it is true, Mr. Hobbs—if there's really a lord living near here—do you think it will spoil the neighborhood?

MR. H. It'll ruin it! That's what it'll do!

*Enter MARY quickly L. door.*

MARY. Masther Ceddie—Masther Ceddie, ye had better take Mr. Hobbs and Dick into the kitchen—there's an old gentleman at the door—I saw him from my windy—he must be comin' to see your mamma. Run, darlint. (*goes to open door*)

CED. Come, Dick—come, Mr. Hobbs. (*exit R. with DICK hurriedly*)

MR. H. (*goes over to sideboard R.*) I must have that there Tower book. (*steps to table to get it and moves away as MARY opens door ushering in MR. HAVISHAM*)

MARY. This was if ye plaze, sor. The misthress 'll be in directly. (*MR. HOBBS, who has started quickly for the other door R., which stands partly open, stands a moment concealed by it from MR. HAVISHAM, at whom he looks with an expression of amazement and horror*)

MR. H. It's him! Why, it's him as said, "In this street lives young Lord Fauntleroy." (*exit R. MR. HOBBS, closing door*)

HAVIS. (*crosses R.*) You say your mistress will be in soon? (*glances about him*)

MARY. I'm expectin' her ivvery minnit, sor.

HAVIS. Then I'll wait.

MARY. Yes, sor. Plaze be seated. (*sets chair and crosses, then exit R. 2 E.*)

HAVIS. (*lays hat on table, slowly draws off gloves, laying them by hat, looking round the room all the time*) Not at all bad so far. Plainly furnished—but it has a homelike look. (*goes to table L. and looks at framed photograph*) The Captain himself in his uniform. Poor lad, what a handsome fellow he was! What a contrast to his elder brothers, Bevis and Maurice! It did seem rather awkward that the two elder sons of the Earl of Dorincourt should have been such failures. No wonder their noble father detested them. He was not endowed with a large amount of paternal affection to begin with, and then to find that his younger son possessed all the charms and gifts the older ones lacked. He was fond of Dorincourt, and there was not a man on the estate who was not fond of him. I should have been glad to have come here to-day to call him home. but he is gone—gone. (*clears his throat—uses his handkerchief with a stern pretence of being unmoved, and walks towards window and looks out*) And in this street has been born and lived for the first seven years of his life the heir to one of the oldest titles and most magnificent estates in England. A curious cradle for an Earl of Dorincourt. I certainly feel quite restless. (*walks a few paces and stops at table, taking up another photograph*) Another photograph! Probably mother and boy. (*examines it*) What a—ahem—what a pretty expression of motherliness there is about the pose. If this should be the young person— (*door opens. Enter MRS. ERROL; he turns and sees her. Sotto voce*) It is the young person—and dear me—dear me—what a charming young person she is! (*aloud, bowing and advancing a step*) I believe, madam, I have the honor of addressing Mrs. Errol? (*MRS. ERROL places hat and mantle in chair L. as she enters*)

MRS. E. (L.) I am Mrs. Errol, sir. You wished to see me.

HAVIS. Yes, madam, I wished to see you—upon business—rather important business in fact.

MRS. E. Will you be seated, sir? (*HAVISHAM R. of table; MRS. ERROL L.*)

HAVIS. (*bowing and waiting until she seats herself—then sits down*) The business I come upon, Mrs. Errol, concerns the future of your son.

MRS. E. (*rising*) My son! Cedric—oh!

HAVIS. (*rising*) Don't feel any alarm—I have only what the world would call good news,—you are the widow of Captain Errol—the third son of the Earl of Dorincourt.

MRS. E. (*surprised, sits*) Yes—I am the widow of Captain Errol.

HAVIS. And I, madam, am the family lawyer of the Earl of Dorincourt himself. My name is Havisham.

MRS. E. (*tremulously*) Yes.

HAVIS. (*kindly*) I assure you there is no need for agitation. I am sent here by the Earl of Dorincourt, Mrs. Errol.

MRS. E. (*starting and bending slightly forward*) Does he not know his son is dead? Does he not know he died without being forgiven and without having the comfort of one word from his father? Oh, if his lordship does not know of his son's death—if he is only to learn it now—too late—I am sorry with all my heart!

HAVIS. (*aside*) She is sorry for him. There are actually tears in her eyes.

MRS. E. Captain Errol was very fond of his home—he was fond of his father—it was always a grief to him that the Earl was so angry with him. In his last illness he spoke of him often—if his lordship did not receive my letter and does not know—

HAVIS. His lordship received your letter, Mrs. Errol—he is aware of his son's death—and during the last three months he has had the added misfortunes of other bereavements—he has lost his two elder sons—Bevis by Roman fever, and Maurice by a fall from a horse. (*rising*) You are acquainted with the English law of heredity, Mrs. Errol?

MRS. E. I—I have not thought of it—I—

HAVIS. The three sons of the Earl of Dorincourt are dead—the first and second without issue—the third has left a son—that son is—

MRS. E. (*breathless*) Ceddie—Ceddie! (*rises*) My little boy!

HAVIS. Little Lord Fauntleroy, Mrs. Errol—the future Earl of Darincourt, the heir of one of the most magnificent estates in England. (*MRS. ERROL sinks into a chair and hides her face in her hands*) Calm yourself, Mrs. Errol—surely this is good news that I bring you.

MRS. E. Forgive me. I can only remember that he is my little child—and that I am his mother.

HAVIS. I understand—it seems very sudden—and the change will be very great.

MRS. E. Of course!—of course! But he is so quick—he will soon learn—whatever—may be—required of him—and he will give no trouble, I promise you, with me to help him.

HAVIS. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Errol, I am afraid you do not quite understand the position.

MRS. E. What do you mean? He will of course go to England, will he not?

HAVIS. Yes—yes—he will go—but—but—

MRS. E. (*rising*) But what—what—why do you hesitate?

HAVIS. To be plain with you, Mrs. Errol, you are not to be with your son.

MRS. E. Sir!—You cannot mean that! My child is to be taken from me? (*crosses to R.*)

HAVIS. I am sorry to say those are his lordship's instructions. His plan is that Lord Fauntleroy is to be educated under his supervision—that he shall live with him.

MRS. E. And not with me!

HAVIS. Lord Fauntleroy will be permitted to visit you.

MRS. E. (*putting her hand to her heart*) To visit me!

HAVIS. The only stipulation is that you must not visit him.

MRS. E. What is this you are saying to me? Oh—what is it? It means only one thing—that my child is to be taken from me!

HAVIS. No—not altogether.

MRS. E. (*goes to L. chair R. of table*) Oh! you don't understand—you do not mean to be cruel—but you don't understand. I was so happy once—and now he is—all that is left me of my happiness—(*sinks exhausted in chair*) he has never been parted from me for a day. He has slept by my side every night and given me his first dear little smile in the morning. I have known every thought of his heart—when mine was broken—broken—his soft cheek resting upon it helped me to live. He is not like other children—I am not like other mothers—we could not live apart!

HAVIS. (*troubled*) My dear, ahem, my dear Mrs. Errol, I'm afraid the Earl—

MRS. E. (*rising*) The Earl may dislike me—he may be hard, but he could not be so cruel as that. One thing the whole world will give to a woman—her child. Everything else may be taken from her, but not her child. (*sobs. Comes down C.*)

HAVIS. Ah! My dear madam, the world is not good to women, and sometimes she is not spared even that.

MRS. E. (*piteously*) But Ceddie! It is Ceddie, and he—

HAVIS. Is Lord Fauntleroy—the future Earl of Dorincourt.

MRS. E. (*rests herself on back of chair L. of table R.*) No—no—it is my little boy—my baby—

HAVIS. He is the future Earl of Dorincourt, in whose hands will lie wealth and immense power—which he must be prepared to use. Is it in your power to educate him as—as his father would have wished him to be educated for the position he must hold.

MRS. E. (*up stage a little*) No, it is not. I had forgotten.

HAVIS. You had forgotten?

MRS. E. Yes—yes. (*with anguish*) I had forgotten.

Only this morning I learned that I have lost even the small income we had lived on—there is almost nothing left.

HAVIS. Ah!

MRS. E. (*sobs, leaning on back of chair*) I have just come from my lawyer—he told me the worst. Yes—you are right—I can—do—nothing.

HAVIS. Poor child. (*approaching her*) My dear—the terms might really be more harsh—

MRS. E. (*lifting her face a moment*) More harsh!

HAVIS. Yes—the advantage of such surroundings and education as Lord Fauntleroy will have will be very great.

MRS. E. Yes—yes!

HAVIS. And—you will excuse me—for yourself you need have no further anxiety, for his lordship has placed at your disposal Court Lodge—a house on the estate.

MRS. E. No—don't tell me that—if he had only been my child and not a future Earl of Dorincourt—I might have worked for him—I might have done all for him, and every day would have made him more my own—but now—I may not. But I may at least make for him one sacrifice—I may—give him—to—those—who can do for him what all my love—cannot. (*leaning against window*)

HAVIS. Then I may tell the Earl—

MRS. E. (*at chair R.*) You may tell his lordship this—that I give to him my child because I loved his son, but I can accept nothing at his hands.

HAVIS. But his lordship wishes to settle upon you a certain sum of money.

MRS. E. (*proudly*) In return for my son! No! my child is mine to give—and I give him—I do not sell him.

HAVIS. (*bows*) I will express this to his lordship, as well as I can. (*gets hat which he has left on book-case L.*)

MRS. E. There is one other thing I must say, and that is—(*HAVISHAM standing at door*)—Ceddie must not know that it is the Earl who has parted us. If he knew that his grandfather had been cruel to me he could not love him.

HAVIS. And you wish him to—to love his lordship?

MRS. E. He has known only love all his life. Could his mother be the first to teach him something else?

HAVIS.—No. (*takes MRS. ERROL'S hand*) I think his mother could not.

MRS. E. I will explain to him as best I can. He always trusts and believes me. I will make him think I am not unhappy.

HAVIS. Do you think you can do that?

MRS. E. For his sake—yes. (*CEDRIC'S voice heard outside*)

CED. Dearest! (*outside*)

MRS. E. Hush! Here he is!

HAVIS. (*going L. H. Rubbing his chin*) And now I am to see the boy.

*Enter CEDRIC, R. & E., running.*

CED. Dearest! Dearest!

MRS. E. (*putting her arm around him and drawing him forward*) Mr. Havisham, this is—

HAVIS. Little Lord Fauntleroy!

CED. Lord Fauntleroy! Dearest! (*looks at his mother*) Is something the matter? Tell me who I am.

MRS. E. (*kneels down and puts her arms around him and her cheek against his*) My dear little Ceddie—my dear little boy—I am going to surprise you very much. Mr. Havisham has come from England—

CED. From England where my papa lived?

HAVIS. (L.) From Dorincourt Castle where your papa was born.

MRS. E. From your grandpapa, who is the Earl of Dorincourt.

CED. (*shocked*) An earl! My grandpapa an earl! Oh, Dearest, why is he an earl?

MRS. E. (*smiling*) He was born one, and he was your papa's papa and he has had a great deal of trouble. He is an old man and all his children have died, and now he has no boy left, but his little grandson—no one but you, Ceddie.

CED. No one but me—no boys at all?

MRS. E. No, dear; and he is very lonely; and he wants his grandson near him; and so we are to go to England.

CED. To England? Away from here—from Mr. Hobbs, and Dick and everybody?

MRS. E. For the present. And because you are the Earl's grandson, when you are in England the name you will be called by will be Lord Fauntleroy; and some day you will be the Earl of Dorincourt yourself!

CED. Ah, Dearest! what will Mr. Hobbs say? Can't I not be an earl? None of the boys are earls?

MRS. E. (*sits R.*) We won't trouble about that, dear.

CED. Well, I suppose I must bear it. A person has a great deal to bear in this world, but I never, never thought of being an earl, and I'm afraid Mr. Hobbs won't like it at all; and, oh, it's nearly made me forget about Bridget. She's crying in the kitchen.

HAVIS. Who is Bridget?

CED. (*crossing kneels on chair R. of table L. H.*) She is Michael's wife, and I don't know what to do about her. You see, Michael has got inflammatory rheumatism—and that's a kind of rheumatism that's dreadful, and he's such a sober man—Bridget says he is—but now he's ill he has no

money and can't pay his rent, or buy food or anything, and so it's the most sorrowful thing.

HAVIS. Ah! Perhaps I can help you in this matter. Mrs. Errol, before I left England the Earl gave me some instructions. He said if his lordship expressed any wishes I was to gratify him, and tell him his grandfather had given him what he wished. If it would give Lord Fauntleroy pleasure to give this poor woman money, I should feel the Earl would be displeased if he were not gratified.

MRS. E. (*rises. CEDDIE runs to MRS. ERROL*) Ceddie, do you understand, dear? Your grandfather is very, very kind. He loves you and wishes you to love him. He wishes you to be happy and to make other people happy. He has given Mr. Havisham money for you. You can give some to Bridget now. Isn't it splendid, Ceddie? Isn't he good?

CEDDIE. Oh! Yes—yes! Can I have it now? Can you give it to me this minute? She is going away.

HAVIS. (*takes money out of pocket and gives it to him*) Yes, this moment!

CED. Oh, thank you! What a good earl he must be! Dearest—come—come with me. (*runs out shouting*) Bridget—Bridget—wait a minute; here's some money. My grandpapa gave it you.

MRS. E. If you will excuse me a moment I will go and explain. (*exit MRS. ERROL R. door*)

HAVIS. (*crosses R.*) This is scarcely what I expected. If I had told her the whole truth of his violence and hatred—his lordship the Earl of Dorincourt is not an engaging character. What will he say when he sees the boy? At all events his pride will be gratified. I fancy he will find he's mistaken in thinking he can estrange him from his mother. "Humor all his selfish whims." "Give him everything he wants, and he'll soon forget. Fill his pockets full of money, and tell him his grandfather put it there, and there'll be no more talk about the mother. Children are greedy little beasts." My lord, you have lived a long life and learned to calculate closely, but you have not yet calculated that there may be such things as faith, unselfishness and love. (*going L. H.*)

*CEDRIC and his mother enter.*

CED. She cried. She said she was crying for joy. But she's all right now; I'm so much obliged to you. (*shakes hands with HAVISHAM*)

MRS. E. She is a very deserving woman. It has made Cedric very happy.

CEDRIC. It's more—more agreeable to be an earl than I thought it was. I shouldn't have minded it so very much if it wasn't for Mr. Hobbs. I am afraid he'll never *prove*

of it! I used to think I might be president, but I never thought of being an earl. Would you mind telling me my grandfather's name?

HAVIS. John Arthur Molyneux Errol—Earl of Dorincourt.

CED. (*with a sigh*) It's rather a long name. (*rises*)

*Enter MARY R. D.*

MARY. If ye plaze, ma'am, Mr. Hobbs has just come back wid the things I ordhered an' he sez may he see Masther Cedric a minit. He has somethin' for him. (*exits*)

CED. Ah—there he is now, and I shall have to tell him—an' it's so 'barrassing. May I tell him quite by myself, Dearest, by degrees? (*CEDRIC sits in chair L. of table*)

MRS. E. Yes, dear. He may come in here. Mr. Havisham will perhaps come and talk to me in the other room. I do not want him to hear us. (*to MR. HAVISHAM as they go out*) You see he does not understand what fortune (*MRS. ERROL crosses up to L. door with HAVISHAM, who is nearest door*) has befallen him—or what misfortune has befallen me! (*exit MRS. ERROL and HAVISHAM, L. U. E. CEDRIC nurses his knee*)

*Enter HOBBS, R. 2 E., looks around and closes door; looks at CEDRIC with surprise.*

MR. H. Hello!

CED. (*in dejected tone*) Hello! Mr. Hobbs.

MR. H. Is there anythin' wrong?

CED. I don't know—exactly.

MR. H. (*crosses in front of table*) Anythin', for instance, as would prevent a person's takin' a interest in apples, or barnaners, for seein' as there was special fine ones, I brought 'em up along with the potatoes and things as was ordered for the kitchen.

CED. Oh, thank you, Mr. Hobbs. What's happened wouldn't prevent a person taking an interest—but I'm afraid it's rather ser'ous.

MR. H. Ser'us—why, look here! Take a bite out of that apple—it'll cheer you up.

CED. Thank you. (*takes a bite. Bringing stone and placing it c.*) It's a very nice apple. Do you remember what we were talking about when Dick was here?

MR. H. (*sits*) Seems to me it was England.

CED. But just when Mary came in, you know.

MR. H. We was mentioning them queens and the aristocracy.

CED. Ye-es—and—and earls, you know—

MR. H. Why, yes—we did touch 'em up a bit—that's so.



CED. You said you would have them sitting round on your cracker barrels.

MR. H. So I did—and I meant it. Let 'em try it—that's all.

CED. (*solemnly*) Mr. Hobbs, one is sitting on this seat now.

MR. H. (*jumping up*) What!

CED. Yes, Mr. Hobbs—I won't deceive you—I am one, or I am going to be—

MR. H. The mercury's got into your head. (*goes to table L. for apple*) Take another bite o' that apple—it is a hot day. When did you begin to feel that way? (*puts his hand on CEDRIC'S head*)

CED. Thank you. I'm all right. There's nothing the matter with me; I'm sorry to say it's true. You know that gentleman who said something about Lord Fauntleroy in your store—and you said it would ruin the neighborhood, and sugar would go down three cents a pound?

MR. H. Yes.

CED. His name is Havisham. My grandpa sent him here to find me. He was looking for me then. I'm Lord Fauntleroy?

MR. H. (*wiping his forehead*) One of us has got a sunstroke—

CED. No—we have not; we shall have to make the best of it. My grandfather has sent for me.

MR. H. Who is your grandfather?

CED. His name isn't very easy to remember—John Arthur Molyneux Errol, Earl of Dorincourt.

MR. H. (*speculatively*) It's a name as 'ud look well on a sign. "John Arthur Molyneux Errol, Earl of Dorincourt, Groceries, Dry Goods, an' Notions." An' what's your name, did you say?

CED. Cedric Errol, Lord Fauntleroy.

MR. H. Well! I'll be jiggered! (*drops on lounge again*)

CED. (*politely*) I knew you would be. I was myself. England's a long way off, Mr. Hobbs.

MR. H. It's across the ocean.

CED. That's the worst of it—perhaps I shan't see you again for a long time, and we have been friends for a great many years, haven't we?

MR. H. Ever since you was born—you was about six weeks old when you was first walked out on this street.

CED. Ah! I never thought I should have to be an earl then.

MR. H. No, it wouldn't strike you at that age, would it? Ain't there no getting out of it? (*rises. Begin to work down lights. Turn on green and calcium*)

CED. I'm afraid not. My mamma says my papa would like me to do it—but, I must tell you that my grandfather

is a very good old earl—he sent me a lot of money to give to poor people.

MR. H. Ah! I'm not so sure that mightn't be one of his games. They're up to anything.

CED. Oh, you're mistaken. He's one of the best earls you ever knew, I'm sure of it!

MR. H. (*going R. H.*) Ah!—you're young. Well—well—I've got to go and think this thing over, it's getting late. (*CEDRIC rises and MR. HOBBS shakes hands with him*) Don't you be too low-spirited—cheer up! Bear up. Show 'em you've got the real grit! It's one o' them misfortunes as may happen to any of us. Good-bye.

CED. Thank you, Mr. Hobbs. I'm much obliged to you for not minding it more than I have to be a lord—but—you see I couldn't help it.

MR. H. It might ha' been worse. But whatever you are, an' whatever happens you, keep it in mind you've got a friend as 'll stand by you—an' his visitin' cards has these words on it, "Silas Hobbs, Corner Store, Groceries, Dry Goods an' Notions, etc., etc."

CED. (*stands a moment, hands in pocket, reflecting*) He is a very gentlemanly man, Mr. Hobbs, and I knew he'd be jiggered when he heard it. (*crosses R. to table*) This is the most exciting day I've had for a great many years. When a boy turns into an earl all at once, it gives him a cur'us sensation. (*sits L. of R. table, takes up picture and kisses it. Reflects again*)

*Enter MRS. ERROL again; she watches him a moment sadly; moves towards him; stops as if emotion overcame her; tries to recover herself; touches her eyes slightly with her handkerchief.*

MRS. E. (*aside*) I must tell him now—it is very hard. He must believe that I am quite happy. (*aloud*) Cedric! (*comes towards him; puts arm around him, smiling*) What are you thinking of? (*goes to CEDRIC, who is in chair*)

CED. I was thinking what an exciting day I've had—and something else. (*puts his arms around her waist, and looks up at her wistfully.*)

MRS. E. What else, dear?

CED. I was thinking that soon we must leave this little house.

MRS. E. (*in a low voice*) Yes, dear.

CED. And we have liked this little house, haven't we, dearest? (*looks around the room*)

MRS. E. Yes, Ceddie. (*sits R.*)

CED. Papa lived here—didn't he? I can remember, you know, though I was so little. He was so big, and used to put me on his shoulder—and then bend down and make me kiss you—and then he would laugh and kiss you too. We loved him very much, didn't we?

MRS. E. Yes—yes. Oh! very much. (*puts her cheek down on his head that he may not see her face*)

CED. (*suddenly*) Are you very tired, Dearest? You made a tired little sound.

MRS. E. (*lifting her face with sudden resolution and smiling*) Just a little tired, Ceddie—it has been an exciting day for me, too, but I mustn't be a tired little mother. I ought to be quite gay—when I think how happy we are going to be in England. (*gets in chair. CEDRIC L. of her*)

CED. Shall we be so happy? We have been happy here, too!

MRS. E. Yes—yes; and we shall never forget our dear little house. Think how lovely it will be to see papa's home—and his father! Let us sit here, where we have sat together almost every night since you were a baby, and you have fallen asleep in my arms so often. You are such a big boy now. (*laughing. CEDRIC holds up his head*) You know how we used to measure.

CED. Yes. When I was quite young, and only came up to your heart.

MRS. E. (*puts her hands on his shoulders*) And I used to have to bend so far to kiss you, but now I scarcely have to bend at all. (*bends and kisses him, both laughing*) What a big boy! But not too big to sit on my lap and have a cosy time as we used to, while I tell you something. (*she draws him to chair, sits down and takes him on her knee, or lets him kneel by her, resting against her*) Now, are you quite comfortable?

CED. Yes, dearest! Only it seems as if (*looking at her*)—almost as if there were tears in your eyes.

MRS. E. Why, what mother could cry on the day when her boy was made so rich and grand! Let us pretend to wipe them away. (*she wipes her eyes as if in jest*) Are they gone now?

CED. (*looking closely*) Yes—I think so. (*kisses her eyes*)

MRS. E. Yes. And now I have to tell you something I cannot explain to you—until you are older.

CED. Is it something about an earl?

MRS. E. It is something about your life at Dorincourt. Ceddie, when you go to Dorincourt I shall not be able to live quite in the same house with you.

CED. Oh! Dearest! What do you mean? What do you mean? We have always lived together—we are obliged to live together. You are my mamma, and no boy lives away from his mamma.

MRS. E. (*clasping him in her arms*) Ceddie dear, you mustn't think of it as a trouble.

CED. But you are my mamma! My papa left you to me to take care off—I must take care of you. I can't be an earl if I can't live with you. (*arms about mother's neck*)

MRS. E. But, darling—I shall be quite near you—quite near—and you will see me every day—and—look at me—Ceddie—see me smiling. I shouldn't be smiling if I was going to lose my boy. (*holds his head back that he may see her*)

CED. But it doesn't look like a real smile, Dearest.

MRS. E. Then I must make a prettier one. (*kisses his hand*) CEDRIC looks at her only half convinced; she goes on tremulously—rapidly) And you see you are such a big boy now—and you will have your grandpapa—and he will be so kind to you—and you will love him—and I shall be quite near to you, quite near, and every night I will put a light in my window that you can see. And every night I will go to my window and say—as I always say here—“God keep you all the night, darling!” and in the morning “God bless you all the day!” And then you will be quite safe all the time. (*music. Catches him in her arms and rocks him to and fro*) You will always remember the words Ceddie, “God keep you all the night—God bless you all the day.”

CED. Dearest—your cheek is wet, you are crying.

MRS. E. No—no, dear—only a little—only a very little because—because I love you so much.

CED. Don't cry, Dearest! I will be as good an earl as I can—and I shall always be your boy wherever I live. Don't cry any more! (*clasps her neck*)

#### WARN CURTAIN.

MRS. E. No, dear! It was only for a moment, and I will take my big boy in my arms and hold him—as I used when he was a baby—and we will pretend for a little while that there are no earls, and no castles, and that we are going to live in our dear little house together all our lives.

CED. (*beginning to get sleepy*) Yes—always—in our dear little house. (*resting his head on her shoulder*) I'm very tired, Dearest—I've had to think of so many things.

MRS. E. Yes—darling! (*strokes his hair—a little pause*)

CED. (*sleepily*) You will live quite near me?

MRS. E. (*in a low voice*) Yes.

CED. And see me—every day—

MRS. E. Yes—darling.

#### VERY SLOW CURTAIN.

CED. And you will say—“God keep you all the night—and God bless you all the day?” (*pause*)

MRS. E. God keep you all the night, and God bless you all the day. (*CEDRIC sighs softly and is asleep*)

#### CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*Apartment, morning room in Dorincourt Castle.*

DISCOVERED.—EARL, *in high-backed chair L. of L. table.*

HAVISHAM *stands behind chair R.*

EARL. (*regarding HAVISHAM curiously and sarcastically from under his knitted brows*) Oh, pretty woman, is she! Scarcely expected to find you inflammable! (*with sudden harshness*) Don't be a fool, Havisham. Sit down and tell me about the boy. We'll leave the mother out of the question.

HAVIS. I am afraid it will not be possible to leave her out of the question.

EARL. (*irritably*) Leave her in it, then, and refer to her as little as possible. The boy—the boy—let us hear about the boy.

HAVIS. Lord Fauntleroy bore the voyage very well and is in excellent health.

EARL. (*brusquely*) Glad to hear it. So far so good. Go on. You know I told you not to write to me. I couldn't be irritated with details and I know nothing. What kind of a lad is he?

HAVIS. It is difficult to judge of the character of a child so young—

EARL. (*roughly*) Ah! I see—he's a clumsy cub! His American blood tells, does it?

HAVIS. I do not think it has injured him. I thought him rather a fine lad.

EARL. (*gnawing his moustache anxiously*) Healthy and well grown?

HAVIS. Apparently healthy and quite well grown.

EARL. Straight-limbed and good-looking?

HAVIS. Rather a handsome boy, as boys go—though I am not a judge perhaps. But you will find him different from most English children, I dare say.

EARL. American impudence. I've heard of it before. They call it precocity and freedom. Beastly impudent bad manners—that's what it is. Where is he?

HAVIS. He will be here directly. Mrs. Errol herself will bring him.

EARL. (*violently*) His mother? Confound her, I won't see her! I won't see her, I tell you.

HAVIS. (*decidedly*) My lord, it will be better to do so! She is the boy's mother, and is making great concessions for his sake.

EARL. She threatens, does she?

HAVIS. Not at all ; but she thinks it best there should be one interview between you.

EARL. She thinks she is going to wheedle me ! We shall see—we shall see.

*Enter THOMAS door L.*

THOMAS. Dr. Milford, my lord !

EARL. There's that infernal Milford just when I don't want to see him. (*to THOMAS*) Come here, sir, I'll go into the next room and see him there. Stay where you are, Havisham. (*to THOMAS*) Be careful now ! (*exit EARL supported by THOMAS*)

HAVIS. I wonder how they will meet each other. Upon my soul I never saw anything more courageous than the way she has kept up her spirits before him. She has actually persuaded him there is no cause for trouble.

*Enter MRS. ERROL door L. U. E.*

MRS. E. Ah, Mr. Havisham, I am glad to see you alone first for a moment. You have spoken to the Earl ?

HAVIS. (*taking her hand*) Yes, and I feel obliged to tell you that your interview will not be a pleasant one. (*puts MRS. ERROL in chair L. H.*)

MRS. E. I have not expected it to be pleasant, but I think it necessary.

HAVIS. And Lord Fauntleroy ?

MRS. E. I have left him in his nursery. (*tremulously*) It was rather hard at the last, Mr. Havisham.

HAVIS. I know—I know, my dear.

MRS. E. But he was good—and so brave. When I shall see the Earl ?

HAVIS. I will go and announce your arrival myself. (*as door opens*) No, it is not necessary, he is coming now. (*sees EARL, pauses, drawing down his brows*) Mrs. Errol,—the Earl of Dorincourt. (*MRS. ERROL bows, the EARL ungraciously salutes*)

EARL. (*to HAVISHAM*) The boy is here ? (*pauses, crosses to chair L.*)

HAVIS. (c.) In his own apartments, my lord.

EARL. (*to THOMAS, as soon as seated*) Go ! (*THOMAS goes back of table and exits R. U. E. to MRS. ERROL*) Have a chair ?

MRS. E. Thank you, my lord, no. I shall only remain with you a few moments—and it would be unnecessary.

EARL. (*aside*) Umph ! Let us hope that she has given some of her good looks to the boy. (*aloud*) What you wish to say to me is about Fauntleroy, I suppose. There can hardly be any other subject for us to discuss.

MRS. E. One other subject—but it will be disposed of briefly.

EARL. Yourself, I suppose ?

MRS. E. Myself, my lord.

HAVIS. (*much disturbed*) If your lordship will hear Mrs. Errol—

EARL. I do hear her. She has something to say about her own interests, as I expected.

MRS. E. Your lordship has been so kind as to place at my disposal the house, Court Lodge, and for that I must thank you—as misfortune has greatly restricted my means. You have also been so good as to offer me an income—

EARL. (*sardonically*) Oh! And it isn't enough?

MRS. E. (*taking step forward*) It is too much, my lord—too much!

EARL. Too much—what do you mean?

MRS. E. That I prefer not to accept it.

EARL. (*rage*) You prefer not to accept it? You shall accept it.

MRS. E. (*quietly but intently*) I cannot accept it.

EARL. It's all done for effect—you think I shall admire your spirit! I don't admire it. It's only American insolence.

HAVIS. (*at screen*) My lord—my lord!

EARL. Hold your tongue, Havisham—as the boy's mother, she has a position to keep up, and she shall keep it up. She shall have the money whether she likes it or not. She shan't tell people she is a pauper because I do nothing for her. She wants to poison the boy's mind against me. I suppose she has done it already.

MRS. E. (*with intense feeling*) My lord, he believes you his best and kindest friend, and mine.

EARL. I don't believe it.

MRS. E. We have loved each other so much—I have been all his world—do you think that if he knew you hated me he could be happy with you and love you?

EARL. Love me?

MRS. E. Yes, love you! He will love you—he does love you.

EARL. You have not told him?

MRS. E. (*at table L.*) I have told him nothing but that you will be kind to him—and you will be kind to him, my lord, you will be kind to him. He thinks you are kind to every one—and to me most of all.

EARL. There is some trick in this—some trick—

MRS. E. I will say no more. Cedric will speak for me, I leave him in your hands. He is your son's only child, my lord, and mine.

EARL. He is Lord Fauntleroy—so he is safe even in my hands.

MRS. E. (*takes out packet*) There is but one thing more.

EARL. (*irritably*) What else? (*sees packet*) I don't want it.

MRS. E. I think you would take it—if you knew.

EARL. I don't want to know anything.

MRS. E. (*places envelope on table*) Then I will leave it.

EARL. (*glances at handwriting and starts*) What is it? Whose handwriting is this?

MRS. E. Your son's.

EARL. (*opens envelope and starts back*) My son's! An unfinished letter. "My dear father."

MRS. E. It was a letter Captain Errol began when he was dying; he was too weak to finish it.

EARL. (*agitated*) And a photograph—yes—yes—it is like him. Yes, he was a fine soldierly fellow. (*gently*) Why did you bring them? (*throws packet on table*)

MRS. E. Because he loved you and wished for your forgiveness; because I thought it would comfort you to see his face again.

EARL. (*trembling with rage and emotion*) Comfort me! I'm not a woman! The lad's dead and gone! The only one of the three who was not a disgrace to his name! Look at him, Havisham. He was always like that—what a handsome fellow he was!—and he was a good fellow too, madam, and a gentleman—do you hear? A gentleman?

MRS. E. (*pathetically*) Indeed, indeed he was. How good and how true a gentleman no one knows better than I do.

EARL. Why wasn't he the first-born? I am a miserable old fellow—my life is over—and he is gone.

HAVIS. He has left a son, my lord.

EARL. Confound it! I want him. I don't want his boy, I would never see him if it were not for the name dying out. See what a fine fellow he was! (*turns fiercely on MRS. ERROL*) And but for you he would be here to-day.

MRS. E. Oh! do not—do not say that!

HAVIS. My lord, you speak to his widow.

EARL. No! no! Take her away—I have heard enough. (*to MRS. ERROL*) Go—the boy will be cared for—for his father's sake.

MRS. E. I hope, I think, you will love him for his own. (*going up to C.D.*) Mr. Havisham, dear friend, you will see my boy to-night. With the Earl's permission I would like to deliver a message to him.

HAVIS. My lord!

EARL. Certainly, certainly! Mrs. Errol has every right to communicate with her own child.

MRS. E. Tell him. I wish, for his sake, I was very clever and I could say a great many wise things, but I ask him only to be good—only to be brave. Only to be kind and



true always, so the big world may be better because my little child was born. Good-night, sir.

HAVIS. Good-night, Mrs. Errol. (MRS. ERROL bows and exits c. d.) Is this the woman you expected to see, my lord?

EARL. (*has droppe d his head upon his hands*) Go—go—send the boy to me—Havisham—alone. (*exit HAVISHAM R. C.*) If it is to be a blow, let there be no lookers-on. I can bear it better. (SERVANT enters R. C. and announces) Lord Fauntleroy, my lord. *Exit SERVANT R. C.* E. Enter CEDRIC, staring round room. Stares at him—starts. My God! How like! How like—our—

CED. (*comes forward*) Are you the Earl? I'm your grandson, you know, that Mr. Havisham brought. I am Lord Fauntleroy. (*makes quaint little bow and holds out his hand*) I hope you are very well. I am very glad to see you. (*crosses to EARL*)

EARL. (*staring at him as he shakes his hand*) Glad to see me, are you? Thank you!

CED. You are quite welcome. Shall I sit down here? (*sits on stool in front of table*)

EARL. Yes. (*aside*) What an air the little beggar has!

CED. What a big dog you have! He ran into the hall just as I came in, and nearly knocked me over.

EARL. (*startled*) What? Dougal! How did he get loose?

CED. I think he broke loose.

EARL. And he ran over you. Were you afraid of him?

CED. Oh no! I'm not afraid of dogs; are you?

EARL. Well, there are people who are afraid of Dougal. (*aside*) Confound those fellows—what right had that savage brute to be loose? (*aloud*) What did he do?

CED. Oh, he just ran over me, and I said, "Hullo! old fellar," and put my arm round his neck. You know dogs like any one to say "Hello old fellar," and then he sniffed me over—and we were friends. (*gets off of stool and stands in front of table*)

EARL. (*aside*) His father over again. (*aloud*) Why do you look at me so?

CED. I was wondering if you were like my father.

EARL. Am I?

CED. Well, as he died when I was young I mayn't remember exactly, but I don't think you are like him.

EARL. Oh! You are disappointed, I suppose?

CED. Of course you would like any one to look like your father; but of course you would enjoy the way your grandfather looked even if he wasn't like your father. You know how it is about admiring your relations.

EARL. (*ironically*) Of course! (*aside*) I can't say I

speak from experience. Most of my leisure has been spent in turning my relatives out of doors.

CED. (*on table*) Anybody would love his grandfather. Particularly one who had been so kind to him as you have been to me.

EARL. Oh, I have been kind to you, have I?

CED. Oh, yes. I am ever so much obliged to you, about Bridget and Dick and the applemoan.

EARL. Bridget! Dick! The applemoan!

CED. Yes, the ones you gave me all the money for—the money you told Mr. Havisham to give me if I wanted it.

EARL. Ah! That's it, is it? The money you were to spend as you liked. What did you buy with it? I should like to hear.

CED. (*up*) Oh! I forgot! Perhaps you don't know about Dick and Bridget and the applemoan. You live so far off. They are particular friends of mine.

EARL. Particular friends! (*aside*) By Jove! We shall have some pleasing revelations now. The mother shows herself here.

CED. You see Michael had a fever—

EARL. (*gruffly*) And, pray, who is Michael?

CED. He is a bricklayer and Bridget's husband, and he is a very talented man. (EARL *makes a gesture of disgust. Quickly*) Does your foot hurt you? You look uncomfortable. (*kneels down*) Can I move your stool in a better place? I can do it gently. (L. of chair *kneeling. Comes around L. of EARL and sits on stool looking up at EARL*)

EARL. No! no! Go on about your bricklayer.

CED. (L.) I knew you would be interested. You see Michael had a fever and he couldn't work. And when a man is ill and has twelve children, you know how it is. And Bridget was in such trouble. And the evening Mr. Havisham was there she was crying in the kitchen because they had nothing to eat and couldn't pay the rent. And Mr. Havisham gave me the money, and I ran as fast as I could and gave it to Bridget, and she couldn't believe her eyes. That's why I'm so obliged to you. (*on ground L. of EARL*)

EARL. (*dryly*) So that was one of the things you did for yourself—what else?

CED. Well, there was Dick—you'd like Dick—he's so square.

EARL. Oh! Dick's square is he? And what does that mean?

CED. I think it means he wouldn't cheat any one, or hit a boy under his size; and that he blacks people's boots just as well as he can. He's a professional bootblack.

EARL. Oh! Dick's a professional bootblack, is he?

CED. Yes. (*rises*) He's a friend of mine. Not as old

as Mr. Hobbs, but we were very intimate. He gave me this present before the ship sailed. (*takes out red handkerchief*) You can keep it in your pocket or wear it round your neck when you go to a party. It's a beautiful handkerchief, you see. I shall keep it always. He bought it with the first money he earned after I bought Jerry out and gave him the brushes. I gave Mr. Hobbs a watch.

EARL. Who is Mr. Hobbs?

CED. He's the grecery man—my oldest friend, except Dearest—I put some poetry in his watch: "When this you see remember me." (*holding up handkerchief*) When this I see I shall always remember Dick.

EARL. Yes, so I should imagine. And I suppose Dick will always remember you.

CED. Oh! He was so obliged to me when I bought Jerry out and set him up in his profession for himself, because Jerry wasn't square.

EARL. Oh, Jerry wasn't square—what was Jerry?

CED. I'm afraid Jerry was crooked, you know, and he wasn't a credit to the perfession. He cheated and that made Dick mad—it would make you mad, you know, if you were blacking boots as hard as you could—and being square all the time—and your partner wasn't square at all, wouldn't it now?

EARL. I've no doubt it would.

CED. Of course—so I bought Jerry out and gave Dick new brushes and things and a boss sign.

EARL. I beg your pardon—a what?

CED. A boss sign—of course you know what a boss sign is.

EARL. No, you have the advantage of me there. I'm afraid I must plead ignorance on the question of boss signs.

CED. Well, it's a tip-top sign—but I like a boss sign best. Well, Dick says a boss sign goes a long way, so you see there's another thing I'm obliged to you for. And then there was the applewoman.

EARL. Oh, there's the applewoman, is there? Did you buy her a boss sign too?

CED. Oh, no—I bought her a bonnet, and a shawl, and a stove, and I gave her some money so that she needn't go out on very cold days. You see the weather used to get into her bones and that's very painful. My own bones never hurt, so perhaps I don't know how painful a person's bones can be. (*crosses in front to R. of table*)

EARL. Oh! I've the advantage of you there, I do know.

CED. Yes—well, I always sympathized with her, she was such a kind applewoman. Once, when I fell down and cut my knee, she gave me an apple for nothing, and I always remember her for it. You know you always remember people who are kind to you.

EARL. Oh! You do—do you?

CED. But she was surprised when I told her I had to go to England and be a lord. She said: (*raising his hands and letting them fall on his knees*) “Lord ha’ mercy on the poor lamb”—and Dick was more surprised than she was—he said: “I say—what er yer givin’ us?”

EARL. (*not understanding*) I beg your pardon—what did Dick remark?

CED. What are you givin’ us—he has some cur’us expressions like those bootblacks sometimes have, you know.

EARL. And what were Mr. Hobbs’ observations?

CED. He said, “Well I’ll be jiggered.”

EARL. Oh, Mr. Hobbs would be jiggered?

CED. Yes—and I wasn’t to forget him among the British aristocracy, and I told him of course I wouldn’t, and I said you would perhaps write and ask him to come and see you. I thought you’d be sure to be pleased to know him: (*up stage, looks around*)

EARL. No doubt. (*aside*) A nice circle of acquaintances he’s had—but somehow—it’s deuced odd—but it doesn’t seem to have spoiled his manners.

CED. (*goes up c. hands in pockets. Looking around him*) You must be very proud of your house. It’s such a beautiful house. I never saw anything so beautiful.

EARL. And you think I must be proud of it?

CED. I should think any one would be proud of it—(*sits on table*) and you must love it too.

EARL. Why?

CED. (*fondles hand*) Oh, because your father lived here, and his father, and his father. Dearest told me—she said your ancestors—and some of them were such brave men and had helped to govern England—and had fought in battles—I liked to hear about that.

EARL. You did, did you?

CED. (*putting hands on EARL*) Yes; my papa was a soldier and he was a very brave man—as brave as George Washington. I’m glad earls are brave; that’s a great ’vantage to be a brave man, Dearest says so.

EARL. Who is Dearest?

CED. (*on table*) She is my mother. Didn’t you know that? I call her “Dearest” because my papa did and because she is so dear. She says, that if one is an earl one ought to be brave and good—like you, you know. (*putting hand on EARL’S*)

EARL. Like me?

CED. Yes—she says you know that if any one has a great fortune and a great name, and a great castle—he must be worthy of it all. (*down and up at window*) There’s one thing I do so like about your house—those big trees, you know—how beautiful they are, and how they rustle.

(*walks to window and looks out*) Why, there's that poor man again.

EARL. What man?

CED. (*down R. of table L. H.*) It's a man who was speaking to one of the servants as I came in. And he looked troubled and he said, "Wouldn't his lordship see me for a minute?" And a footman said, "I'd advise you not to try it, he ain't in the humor."

EARL. (*aside*) It's probably that confounded Higgens come to tell me his wretched story in person.

CED. (*on chair leaning on table*) He looks so mournful. Do you think he wants to see you now?

EARL. I dare say he does.

CED. Why doesn't he come in then? What is he waiting for?

EARL. Perhaps he thinks I don't care to see him.

CED. (*eagerly*) But why? Shall I go and tell him to come in—shall I? (*runs up C.*)

EARL. The dev—Ahem! Ahem! Why should you do that? I don't want to see him.

CED. (*runs down again*) But I'm sure he wants to see you and he looks so sorrowful—and it may be very 'portant to him—shall I go? (*runs to C. window*)

EARL. (*aside*) Confound it. We'll see what he'll do. I'll introduce him to one of his tenants. (*hesitates a moment, then suddenly. Aloud*) Touch the bell there. (*CEDRIC flies to bell and rings it, then sits in chair L. of table*) Is that Higgens who is outside?

THOMAS. (*tremulously*) If you please, my lord, we've told him to go.

EARL. Send him in, and tell him Lord Fauntleroy wants to see him. (*exit THOMAS C. L.*)

CED. (*rather surprised*) Why did you say that, grand-papa? (*on chair R.*)

EARL. (*dryly*) Because it was you who wished him to be invited in. I am not fond of interviews with my tenants. He will be one of your tenants some day and you may as well make his acquaintance.

*Enter THOMAS.*

THOMAS. Mr. Higgens, my lord.

*Enter HIGGENS, dejected and embarrassed.*

HIGGENS. It is very kind of your lordship to have the goodness to see me:

EARL. I have nothing to do with it. It was Lord Fauntleroy. Fauntleroy, this is Higgens. He lives at Edge Farm; he has a wife and seven children and they have all been ill. What have you to say to him?

CED. (*goes to HIGGENS and holds out his hand*) How do you do, Mr. Higgens? I'm very sorry you've had so much

trouble, but I hope your wife and children will get better. Will you have a chair?

HIGG. (*embarrassed*) Thank your lordship, kindly, but if I might be allowed to stand.

CED. (*hands in pockets at chair L. looking up at him*) I told my grandfather you looked troubled, and I heard you ask to see him; I thought perhaps he could help you. (*goes back to chair*)

HIGG. (*looks from CEDRIC to EARL and from EARL to CEDRIC*) Thank your lordship; it's more than I expected. (*addresses EARL*) You think me very bold, I'm afraid, my lord, but—

EARL. Address yourself to Lord Fauntleroy, Higgens, this is his affair.

HIGG. (*much bewildered, to FAUNTLEROY*) You see, your lordship, I've been very unfortunate, as my lord was so good as to say. I've had illness in my family, and I've got behind with my rent, and Mr. Newick has told me if I don't pay up I must leave the place, which is quite natural, my lord (*looks at EARL, who waves his hand towards CEDRIC, whereupon HIGGENS hurriedly corrects himself*)—your lordship; but it's ruin to me, your lordship, and perhaps starvation to my children; and if I could only be allowed a little time I'd do my best, and I think I could get on better, and I should be most humbly grateful, my lord (*correcting himself*)—your lordship.

CED. (*to EARL*) Why, it's just like Michael; he was ill and could not pay his rent and my grandpapa paid it for him. (*HIGGENS looks at EARL*) And of course he'll help you. (*to EARL*) You'll write to Mr. Newick this moment, won't you? (*HIGGENS looks from one to the other*)

EARL. (*to CEDRIC*) Come here. (*smiling grimly. CEDRIC crosses L. and goes to him*) What would you do in such a case?

CED. Well, I'm only a boy, you know, but if I were rich and a man, of course I should let him stay. (*joyfully laying hand on EARL'S knee*) You can do anything, can't you?

EARL. Humph! That's your opinion, is it?

CED. (*happily*) That's what makes it nice to be an earl, for you can make every one happy. Shall I get the paper and ink for you to write to Mr. Newick? (*CEDRIC runs to table for ink and paper*)

EARL. (*looks at him for a moment and then with sudden decision*) By Jove! you shall write to him yourself.

HIGG. Oh! my lord.

EARL. (*ironically, with gesture towards CEDRIC*) That is the future Earl of Dorincourt, Higgens.

HIGG. (*brokenly*) My lord, he's the Captain's self again—God bless them both.

CED. (*arranging writing materials on table*) Did you

say I was to write it? I don't spell very well when I haven't a dictionary and no one to tell me.

EARL. Higgins won't complain of the spelling. Go on.

CED. (*dips pen in ink*) What must I say?

EARL. Say "Higgins is not to be interfered with for the present:" and sign it "Fauntleroy."

CED. (*begins to write laboriously*) "Dear Mr. N-e-w-i-k." (to EARL) Is that the way to spell it?

EARL. Not quite—we'll correct it afterwards.

CED. (*reading and spelling aloud*) "If you please—p-l-e-a-s, Mr. Higgins is not to be i-n-t-u-r-f-e-r-e-d with at present and oblige yours r-i-s-p-e-k-f-l-y Fauntleroy." Mr. Hobbs always signs his letters that way. (*crosses to EARL*) Is that exactly the way to spell respectfully?

EARL. It is not exactly the way they spell it in the dictionary.

CED. I was afraid not. I daresay you know how it is yourself about words with more than one syllable—you have to look in the dictionary, spellin's such a cur'us thing. I used to think please was spelled p-l double e-s, but it isn't, you know! And you'd think dear was spelled d-e-r-e if you didn't inquire. Shall I write it again? (*goes back to table at end of speech*)

HIGG. (*stepping forward, touching his forelock rather agitated*) If you please, my lord, and your lordship, if I might take the liberty to ask to be allowed to—take it as it is (to EARL) just as his lordship wrote it, with his own hand, my lord, I'd count it an honor. There ain't any copy—if I might make so free, my lord—as could come up to it. An' if I might have it afterwards to show to my missis, an' to give to her to keep, she'll have it among her Sunday caps and shawls, my lord, as long as she's a woman. An' there isn't a man, woman or child on the estate as won't see it, an' feel their hearts beat for his young lordship as wrote it.

EARL. (*regards him curiously*) Ah, well, if it becomes a matter of sentiment. Higgins, we won't have it spoiled by conventional orthography. (to CEDRIC) Give it to him as it is, Fauntleroy.

CED. (R.) Well, if it's just as useful, and you'll 'scuse the spelling, Mr. Higgins. (*gives him paper*) Oh! But I only wrote the letter, Mr. Higgins. It was my grandfather who did everything. But you know how he is about being good to everybody.

HIGG. God bless your lordship.

CED. You see, he has had children of his own, and he was so sorry about yours being ill. I'm his son's little boy, you know.

EARL. You see, Higgins, you people are mistaken in me. Lord Fauntleroy understands me. When you want

reliable information on the subject of my character, apply to him. Now you may go. Mrs. Millon shall send you some wine and poultry for your family.

HIGG. (*bowing*) Thank you, my lord; I'm very grateful.

EARL. Be grateful to Lord Fauntleroy. There, go. (*aside*) I'm not sure I could keep up this philanthropic rôle much longer.

CED. (*shaking hands with HIGGENS*) Good-bye. Mr. Higgens, and I hope Mrs. Higgens and your children will get quite well. You see, it makes my grandfather anxious when any one is in trouble. Good-bye! Good-bye!

HIGG. (*overcome with emotion*) Your lordship—your lordship doesn't know, perhaps, being so young, what you've done for a man that was—pretty well broken down. (*exit HIGGENS. CEDRIC comes back to EARL, puts arm around his neck*)

CED. I think you must be the best person in the world. (*R. of chair*)

EARL. Thank you.

CED. (*enthusiastically*) You are always doing good, you know.

EARL. Invariably.

CED. You have made so many people happy. (*counts on fingers*) There's Bridget, and Michael, and twelve children, and one applewoman, and Dick and Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Higgens and Mrs. Higgens and all their children, and Dearest and me—that's twenty-six people. Twenty-six is a good many.

EARL. And I was the person who was kind to them.

CED. (*gets tile from table*) Grandpapa! grandpapa! What is this?

EARL. That! Oh, that, my dear, is a tile. We use it for a paper weight.

CED. What does it mean?

EARL. They are your ancestors.—a miniature of the memorial tablet in the little village church. Read what is on the bottom.

CED. H-E-R-E.

EARL. Here.

CED. L-Y-E-T-H.

EARL. Lyeth.

CED. Y-E.

EARL. Ye.

CED. What does that mean?

EARL. It's the old-fashioned word for "the." }

CED. B-O-D-Y-E.

EARL. Body.

CED. Is that spelled correctly?



EARL. That's how they spelled it a few hundred years ago.

CED. Oh, my ancestors?

EARL. Yes.

CED. Well, perhaps that's where I got my bad spelling from. Do you know (*hesitatingly*) that people are sometimes mistaken about earls, when they don't know them? Mr. Hobbs was, and I'm going to write to him and tell him about it.

EARL. What was Mr. Hobbs' opinion about earls?

CED. Well, you see, the difficulty was he didn't know any. He thought—you mustn't mind—(*eyeglass bus.*) but he thought they were gory tyrants, and he said he wouldn't have them hanging about his cracker barrels. But if he'd known you, I'm sure he would have felt quite different. I shall tell him about you.

EARL. What shall you tell him?

CED. I shall tell him you are the kindest man I ever heard of—and you are always thinking about other people and making them happy—and, when I grow up, I hope I shall be just like you.

EARL. Just like me? (*turns head aside and rests forehead on hand. Aside*) Just like me.

CED. Just like you, if I can. Perhaps I'm not good enough, but I'm going to try. Are you tired?

EARL. A little. Come here. (*crosses L. to EARL. CEDRIC goes to him. He puts his hand on his shoulder and looks at him*) If you want a model, take a better one than I am. Be like your father. (*SERVANT throws open door R.*)

THOMAS. (*comes on*) Dinner is served, my lord.

CED. (*giving the EARL his cane*) Would you like me to help you? You could lean on me, you know. Once when Mr. Hobbs hurt his foot, with a potato barrel rolling on it, he used to lean on me. (*THOMAS coughs to hide his emotion, putting hand over mouth*)

EARL. Do you think you could do it?

CED. I think I could. I'm strong. Dick says that I've a great deal of muscle for a boy that's only my size. (*shuts fist and exhibits muscle*)

EARL. Well, you may try. (*motions THOMAS away. Aside*) Plucky little devil. (*THOMAS hands cane to EARL*) I wonder if he will give in. (*rises slowly, leans on CEDRIC'S shoulder and takes a few steps*)

CED. Just lean on me, I'll walk very slowly.

EARL. Little heavy?

CED. (*struggling bravely*) Just a little, but don't be afraid of leaning on me. I'm—I'm all right, if it isn't a very long way. Did you ever put your foot in hot water and mustard? Mr. Hobbs used to put his foot in hot water and mustard. Arnica's a very nice thing they tell me.

(takes out DICK'S handkerchief and wipes his forehead. Begin very slowly to work down white lights and work on green)

EARL. Rather warm work, isn't it?

CED. It's a warm night, you know, and a person will get warm in summer. But don't be afraid of leaning. I'm—I'm all right. (*bracing himself*) You don't wear your coronet all the time, do you? (THOMAS almost chokes)

EARL. No, it is not considered becoming to me.

CED. Mr. Hobbs said you always wore it, but after he thought it over, he supposed you must sometimes take it off to put your hat on.

EARL. Yes, I do take it off occasionally. (THOMAS coughs again behind his hand. *Aside*) He has muscles and he has pluck, too, damn me if he hasn't. (*Exit CEDRIC and EARL to dining-room. THOMAS turns up lights*)

THOMAS. Hi 'ave lived in 'igh famblys hall my life, an' I know what's doo to my dignity as—footman to me ekals—but hif it 'adn't er bin for that blessed hugly portrait as I had the good luck to think o' starin' at, hi should ha' disgraced my liv'ry an' luffed. Hello! who's this party? Evings! If it hain't the young woman as ast to see his lordship an' was told to wait. What's she doin' 'ere?

*Enter MINNA C. and then goes R.*

MIN. (*to THOMAS*) Here's another of them! What's the matter with you?—you looked frightened!

THOMAS. Good Lord! madam—do you know where you are?

MIN. Yes, I'm in Dorincourt Castle. Where's your master?

THOMAS. Him an' Lord Fauntleroy has just gone into the dinin'-room, and if you'll take the advice of a gentleman in livery as knows 'is lordship's temperment, you'll get out of this before he comes back, for females he do not—hincourage.

MIN. Well, here's a female who doesn't need any encouragement—and I'm going to stay here until I see him.

THOMAS. 'Evings, mum. Har you mad!

MIN. No; is he?

THOMAS. Well, mum, there 'as been times when if I'd 'ad to take my choice between Dorincourt Castle an' the violent ward in a loonatic asylum, the wages an' dignity bein' ekal, I'd a chose the asylum. (*agitated*) You don't know what you are doin'.

MIN. Oh! yes I do! I'm wanting to see the Earl, and I'm going to wait here. Did they think I was going to sit outside and cool my heels until I was told his lordship wouldn't see me? I guess I know better than that. His

lordship won't be inclined to see me perhaps, but I'm inclined to see him, and I intend to do it.

THOMAS. (*wildly, alarmed*) But you can't, mum.

MIN. Do you want to wait and see whether I can or not?

THOMAS. No, mum; if you harst me, I don't.

MIN. Well, then, go. (*exit THOMAS R. U. E. MINNA rises*) And this is the place I should have lived in, if that fool hadn't up and died and left me as he did. A nice one he was to marry a woman and then think he could pay her off with a few hundred pounds. (*throws herself into a chair*) I led him a life for three years. He wouldn't have stood it if I hadn't my marriage certificate to hold over him. (*laughs mockingly*) Bevis Barrington Errol, Lord Fauntleroy. What a name it was for a little weak-eyed, ill-made, shambling brute like that, and what a rage he used to fly into when I chaffed him about it—and me, I used to say, "I'm Lady Fauntleroy—I'm the next Countess of Dorincourt." Well, he's done for now, and what I've got to attend to is to see that the old gentleman provides for me handsome enough. He won't get off easy. I've got that boy of Ben Tipton's to provide for as well as myself. (*gets up and goes to mirror*) Hello! handsome Minna, you're not gone off much, and there's a good deal of improvement since you used to live in a New York garret with Ben Tipton and that squalling brat. Foreign travel's been good for you.

*Enter CEDRIC.*

CED. (*surprised*) Oh! There's a lady here. (*runs up and puts napkin on buffet*)

MIN. (*turns and sees him. Aside*) Who's this? Oh, I suppose it's the young one.

CED. (*making bow*) Good-evening! How do you do?

MIN. Very well, thank you. Who are you, little fellow? What is your name?

CED. Cedric Errol—I mean Lord Fauntleroy; but, you see, I've not got used to that name yet. I've only just turned into a lord.

MIN. That's it, is it? Well, how do you like it as far as you've got?

CED. Very much, thank you. Will you have a chair? (*draws one out for her*)

MIN. (*crosses R.*) I think I will. (*aside, sits R. in chair*) What a queer little fish.

CED. Were you waiting for my grandpapa? (*sits on table L. H.*)

MIN. Yes. Where is he?

CED. (*on table L.*) He is having his dinner. I had

mine earlier, and so he said perhaps I'd better come here and look at pictures and things until he had finished. Do you know him very well?

MIN. Not very well! Not as well as I expect to.

CED. (*enthusiastically*) Ah! You'll like him so much! He's a universal fav'rit.

MIN. So I've been told! I hope he'll like me. When did you come here?

CED. I only came to-day; don't you know about that? It's so interesting, but it's a little puzzling at first. It is like this, you see. My papa was grandpapa's youngest son—and he had two other sons—and they both died.—an' one was killed suddenly—that was my Uncle Maurice, and the other was my Uncle Bevis, and he died of Roman fever. Did you ever hear of him?

MIN. Oh, yes! I've heard of him.

CED. Then I dare say it makes you sorry to think he's dead. It does me.

MIN. Yes! It makes me very sorry.

CED. Well, you see, if my Uncle Bevis had had a boy he would have been Lord Fauntleroy.

MIN. (*starts slightly*) So he would. Why did I never think of that?

CED. And he would have lived with grandpapa, and been the Earl of Dorincourt—and he would have had all the castles and all the money and everything. But my Uncle Bevis had no little boy, and neither had my Uncle Maurice,—nobody had any little boy but my papa, and he had me. I had to be Lord Fauntleroy.

MIN. (*gets up and begins to move about in repressed excitement. Aside*) What a fool I was! I should have let the whole thing slip through my fingers! What luck! what luck! and to think that he should have put me up to it—the child himself. (*aloud*) But if your Uncle Bevis had had a boy it would have been different.

CED. Yes! But he wasn't married, you see.

MIN. Wasn't he?

CED. No! Have you any little boy?

MIN. (*turning suddenly*) Yes, about your age.

CED. Is he—is he a lord, too?

MIN. (*throws herself in chair R. again—regards CEDRIC with mocking smile*) He wasn't yesterday, but he's going to be one.

CED. (*crosses to MINNA*) Why that's just like me—I'm so glad! You're very fond of him, aren't you?

MIN. Oh, yes—I'm awfully fond of him.

CED. Well, perhaps just at first he will think he won't like to be a lord, but just you tell him from me that he won't mind it scarcely at all when he gets used to it.

MIN. I will.

CED. Will you bring him here some day ?

MIN. Yes !

CED. Oh ! I am ever so much obliged to you.

MIN. You're entirely welcome !

CED. You see I don't know any boys here, and it would be so nice to have one to play with—and my grandpapa would be so pleased.

MIN. I'm sure he would be delighted.

CED. He'll be here directly and we can tell him about it. (EARL *coughs outside*) I think I hear him now. (MINNA *rises*)

MIN. (*aside*) Now for my lord—and now for a big stroke. After all there's more to be made than I thought, out of being the widow of Bevis, Lord Fauntleroy.

*Enter* EARL, supported by THOMAS. CEDRIC runs to him.

CED. Grandpapa, here is a lady, and she is waiting for you. And she has a little boy too.

EARL. (*turning to* THOMAS) What the deuce do you mean by letting women in here ? (*crosses to* L. assisted by CEDRIC and THOMAS, sits in chair L. of table)

THOMAS. My lord ! I was not responsible, my lord.

EARL. (*to* MINNA, *sarcastically*) Would it inconvenience you to tell me why I have this pleasure ?

MIN. Not a bit, if you don't mind hearing.

EARL. (*aside*) What, the devil—she's got some infernal trick on hand. (*aloud*) Much obliged I'm sure, you have the advantage of me.

MIN. Yes, I believe I have—I know you better than you know me.

CED. She knew Uncle Bevis !

EARL. (*startling*) Bevis !

MIN. Yes. I knew him very well.

EARL. (*to* THOMAS) Take Lord Fauntleroy to his nurse. When I want him I will ring. Go, Fauntleroy. (CEDRIC goes out with THOMAS, looking back with puzzled expression, stops a moment at door, and speaks to MINNA)

CED. Good-bye. You won't forget to bring your boy to see me, will you ?

MIN. No, I won't forget. Good-bye for the present, Lord Fauntleroy. (*exit* CEDRIC. EARL sits looking at MINNA. MINNA looks at EARL with impudent smile. Door closes)

EARL. Now will you be good enough to tell me what you want ? I think I am not doing you an injustice in being convinced you want something.

MIN. No, you are not.

EARL. I thought not. I have seen young women of your class before. (*examines her through his glass*) You

were an acquaintance of my elder son's. (*examines her again*) How much—

MIN. (*suddenly furious*) Not too much of that sort of thing, I tell you.

EARL. (*with speculative inquiry*) No?

MIN. No! You said I had the advantage of you, and I have.

EARL. Yes! No doubt! Suppose we return to the subject of my son. He had the pleasure of your acquaintance—for how long?

MIN. I lived with him for three years.

EARL. (*sardonically*) So long? And yet he had not an angelic temperament or a faithful one. But (*slowly and with cutting distinctness*)—he had just the kind of beastly bad taste you would be sure to appeal to!

MIN. Take care, I say, take care!

EARL. (*bending forward towards her*) My excellent young woman, I have had this kind of thing to deal with before, and I know how to deal with it; but if you bore me beyond a certain point of endurance, I will *take care* to have you conducted to the park gates—and outside of them. (*pauses*) Now state your terms—and don't interfere with my infernal digestion.

MIN. Yes, I'll state them. There will be no trouble about that. (*rises*) Don't you want to know who I am?

EARL. Not in the least.

MIN. No, I am sure of that. But I'll tell you all the same. I told you I knew your son, Bevis.

EARL. And I told you you looked exactly like that kind of person.

MIN. And I told you I lived with him, but I didn't tell you why.

EARL. (*still watching her, sardonically*) I didn't ask.

MIN. (*taking paper from pocket*) I lived with him because he was enough in love with me to give me this. (*strikes certificate with hand*) Because he was enough in love with me to *marry me*.

EARL. (*springing from chair*) It's a lie—a lie! (*falls back with an exclamation of pain*)

MIN. Is it? Don't forget your gout? I'm Lady Fauntleroy. Look at it! (*holds it before his eyes. Begin to work on moonlight*)

EARL. (*reads*) It's a forgery!

MIN. Is it? Not much. I made sure of that. I didn't trust him. It's no more a forgery than Mrs. Error's was, and my boy—

EARL. Your boy—

MIN. My boy! Yes, my boy is Lord Fauntleroy. (*goes to R. table*)

EARL. My God! (*clenches his hands, clutching arms of chair*)

MIN. (*mockingly*) He isn't as handsome as the other—he's like his father; he doesn't take after me, and I am not a fine lady like Mrs. Errol, but there's your certificate.

EARL. And I objected to the other; I refused to recognize her. I suppose this is retribution. (*drops forehead against clenched hands*)

MIN. I don't care what you call it, what are you going to do about it? (*comes towards c.*)

EARL. (*slowly lifts his head*) I should refuse to believe a word of it, if it were not such a scoundrelly piece of business, that it is just like my son Bevis; he was always a disgrace—a weak, vicious young brute.

MIN. Yes, he was all that.

EARL. Let me look at that certificate again.

MIN. I'll hold it; thank you—

EARL. (*rises, leaning on cane, and trembling with passion*) Leave the room! Leave the house! If you can prove this to be true, go and prove it to my lawyer! Go now, and by heaven, the quicker the better. (*CEDRIC'S voice outside*)

CED. Grandpapa, may I come in?

EARL. Go—there is—Lord Fauntleroy.

MIN. No, it isn't; Lord Fauntleroy is in London. (*to CEDRIC, who appears at door*) Come in, my dear.

CED. (*looks at EARL as he enters*) What is the matter with grandpapa?

MIN. (*laughing*) He has had a shock, Master Errol.

EARL. Call him Lord Fauntleroy, madam.

MIN. I'll call him by his right name.

CED. My name is Lord Fauntleroy. (*walks over to the EARL and places himself by his side*)

MIN. Your name's Lord Fauntleroy? No, it isn't, my young gentleman; you're no more Lord Fauntleroy than you were when you were a shabby little brat playing in New York streets—Lord Fauntleroy? He's in a third-rate lodging house in London, while you are taking his place. You are a beauty and he's not! Your mother's a fine lady and his is not; but he's Lord Fauntleroy, and that is his grandfather—his lordship the Earl of Dorincourt.

CED. (*taking EARL'S hand*) He is my grandpapa.

EARL. (*pointing to door*) Go—this is no place for you, whether you are my son's wife or not. The matter will be contested to the bitter end you may be sure. If your claims are proved you will be provided for; but I will see nothing of either you or your child as long as I live. (*crossing during speech. Strikes bell. THOMAS appears*) Show this person out.

MIN. This person is Lady Fauntleroy, my lord! (*mock*

*curtsy. Exit C. and L. EARL puts his hand to forehead, staggers, and supports himself against table)*

CED. (*springing on him*) Lean on me, grandpapa, lean on me!

EARL. (*tremulously, looking down on him*) On you—yes, I'll lean on *you* for a moment. (*puts hand on CEDRIC'S shoulder*) I might have known—I might have known. It is like him—he was a disgrace to me from the first hour—it is like him—yes, it is like him!

CED. Is it true what she said? *Have I turned into just a boy again?*

EARL. I don't know. She says so, Fauntleroy.

CED. Do you—do you mind it very much?

EARL. Mind it! By Heaven—yes.

WARN CURTAIN.

CED. I'm very sorry—if you mind it. (*hesitatingly*) Will they take Dearest's house away from her?

EARL. No. They can take nothing from her.

CED. (*with greater hesitation*) That other boy—he will have to be your boy now, as I was, won't he?

EARL. (*fiercely*) No! No!

CED. (*joyfully*) Won't he? I thought—shall I be your boy even if I'm not going to be an earl?

EARL. My boy? (*music*) Yes, you'll be my boy as long as I live; and, by George! you make me feel as if you were the only boy I ever had.

CED. Do you? Well, then I don't care about the earl part at all, and neither will Dearest.

EARL. (*sinks into a chair and rests head on hands*) You don't understand, my lad—you don't understand. (*music*)

CED. Yes, I do. (*half kneels, looking up at EARL*) You have me, and I have you, and we both have Dearest. Don't be sorrowful. If she were here she would comfort you. (*springs up*) Why, she is here—she's quite near us in her new house, and this is the time the light will be in the window for me to see. (*runs to window and pulls aside curtain*) Yes—there it is, there it is—she said it would be, and she is near it, saying good-night to us. Good-night—like this—“God keep you all the night and God bless you all the day.”

CURTAIN.



## ACT III.

SCENE.—

DISCOVERED.—JOHN, THOMAS *and* JANE *arranging and dusting furniture.*

JANE. (*up stage L. H.*) All I've got to say is, serve him right for trying to part that poor, pretty, widdered young thing from her own flesh an' blood, an' him such a little beauty an' nobleman born. He ain't had him six weeks an' he's got that fond of him an' that proud of him he's a'most drove mad by what's happened.

JOHN. Right you are, Jane. (*down stage dusting L. H. table*)

JANE. An' a nice party that other his, I 'ope I knows a lady when I see one, an' if that's a lady I'm no judge o' females.

JOHN. Right you are, Jane. (*crosses R. and dusting table*)

JANE. An' her boy no more to be compared to my lord than nothing at all. In six weeks his little lordship he's made more friends than many 'ud make in a lifetime. An' what with what he did for Higgins—an' what he's done for others—there isn't a man or woman on the estate as has'n't a warm heart for him. The Earl's savager about it hevery day. What's he givin' this 'ere birthday fête for an' invitin' hall the tenantry? Why to defy the hother party, an' show who he means shall be Lord Fauntleroy. Sez he to Mr. 'Avisham, I'll invite his tenants, they are his tenants, they shall be his tenants.

JOHN. Right you are, Jane. (*exit JANE and THOMAS R.*)

*Enter CEDRIC and WILKINS C., CEDRIC R., WILKINS L.*

CED. (*snapping his whip*) That was a fine ride, wasn't it, Wilkins?

WILK. That it were, my lord.

CED. Did I sit up straight, Wilkins?

WILK. As straight as a arer, my lord.

CED. That's right! You tell me if I don't sit up straight. You see, Wilkins, there's this about riding. It isn't quite as easy as it seems when you're off the horse.

WILK. No, my lord, not quite.

CED. Just at first it seems to jolt a good deal—and you rather lose your breath—but if you just stick on and are not afraid—I wasn't afraid, was I, Wilkins?

WILK. No, my lord! I shouldn't say as you knowed what it meant. I've taught young gen'lemen to ride before an' I never see one stick on more determinder!

CED. (*delighted*) Didn't you?

WILK. (*touching hat*) No, my lord—an' if I may take the liberty to say—I never taught a young gen'leman as took to it more nat'ral, or was a better-plucked one. You're a oner, my lord, as it's a pleasure to ride behind.

CED. Thank you! I'm glad of that. But you're such a good teacher, Wilkins. I couldn't help but learn. I wonder if you'll teach that other boy to ride if he comes to live here. (*goes to chair R. H.*)

WILK. If your lordship'll excuse the liberty again—I'm blest if I will. That there brown pony an' me we're your property, an' I ain't going to ride behind no other Lord Fauntleroy but your lordship! an' there you 'ave it!

CED. Well, do you know, Wilkins—I hope you won't have to—for I've enjoyed myself so much since I've been a lord. And I'm so fond of my grandfather—you're fond of him, too—aren't you, Wilkins?

WILK. (*diplomatically, rubbing his chin*) Ah! my lord—there's a heart for you!

CED. Yes—that's what every one thinks—and I love him more every day. He gave me the brown pony, you know. It's a splendid horse, the brown pony, isn't it, Wilkins?

WILK. It's a pony as does your lordship credit.

CED. Such muscle, you know, Wilkins—I like a horse with muscle, don't you?

WILK. Ah! your lordship's a young gentleman as knows a 'orse when he sees 'im. (*CEDRIC sits R. H. table and takes out letters*)

CED. See, Wilkins, here are two letters. They're from America. They're from New York. (*opens letters*) They're from Dick and Mr. Hobbs—this is from Dick. "D-e-r-e, dear—F-r-e-n-d, friend." Wilkins, come here and help me. Can you read writing?

WILK. (*looking over CEDRIC'S shoulder and scratching head*) Well—not—'andwritin', my lord.

CED. Ah! Can't you?—you only read printing?

WILK. Well, not exactly printing! my lord. The fact his—I get on best with figgers—they is chalk, you know—at the public. One pint o' beer, 2d.—2 pints o' beer, 4d. My eddication hasn't gone no further than that, my lord.

CED. Then I'll have to read them to you—I can do it if I take time. (*reads slowly*) "Dere frend. I got ure letter and Mr. Hobbs got his an' we are sorry ure down on ure luck, an' we say hold on as long as you kin, an' keep ure eye skinned—but this is mostly to say—my brother Ben has made money in Californy, an' wants to find his kid." A kid means a little boy, Wilkins.

WILK. So I've 'eard, my lord.

CED. "He doesn't want Minna, he only wants the kid—an' he has heard she had it in England, an' he is comin'

over to look it up an' I'm comin' with him and I've not forgot wot you did for me, an' if there ain't no better way we'll go in partners. Bisnis is fine an' every big feller that tries to come it over you'll hafter settle it fust with Perfesser Dick Tipton. So no more at present. Dick." Isn't that a friend now? He will take me in partners.

WILK. What was the perfession, my lord?

CED. Bootblack.

WILK. A bootblack?

CED. Yes, and sometimes he makes as much as two dollars a day.

WILK. Ah! there's a hincome, my lord.

CED. Yes. I could keep Dearest on that—but I think my grandfather would rather I should be a member of Parliament.

WILK. There's no haccountin' for tastes, my lord.

CED. (*opening other letter*) This is from Mr. Hobbs. (*reads slowly*) "Dear sir. Yrs. received and would say things look bad. I believe it's a put-up job and them that's done it should be looked after sharp. And what's more, I'm going to do it. Ben Tipton is going over to look up the child the young woman took away, and I'm coming with him. But if the worst happens, and them earls is too many for us, there's a partnership in the grocery business for you when you're old enough, and a friend in, yours truly, Silas Hobbs." That's two partnerships, Wilkins. Ah! it's a good thing to have friends. And they're coming here—that's what I like best; and my grandfather will so enjoy their society. I must go and tell him before I go to be dressed for the party. (*rises, crosses to L. U. E.*) Good-bye for the present.

WILK. (*touching hat*) Good-morning, my lord.

CED. (*stops as he is running off*) But I say, Wilkins, about the other boy. Never you mind, Wilkins. You and me and the brown pony will be friends, whoever is Lord Fauntleroy! Good-bye. (*shakes hands with WILKINS. Exit CEDRIC, L. U. E.*)

WILK. (*dashing his hat on ground excitedly*) Blest if I've the 'eart to curry a hinfant, let alone a 'orse, when I thinks of what may happen! (*imitating CEDRIC*) "It's a splendid horse, that brown pony, isn't it, Wilkins?" There's a young gentleman for you! "Such muscle, you know, Wilkins." About that there size the pony is, (*measuring with his hand*) an' he rides it as if it was eighteen 'and 'igh an' 'im a old jockey. "I'm not Lord Fauntleroy"—why, bless his 'eart, he's born for it!

*Enter EARL and HAVISHAM, R. of C.*

EARL. (*repressed excitement*) Everything ready, Havisham?

HAVIS. Everything, I think, my lord. There are tents and music and refreshments. At night there will be bonfires and fireworks. And the entire county seems to promise to be present.

EARL. (*walks up and down restlessly*) That's right, that's right! That's as it should be. The people are very much interested, I think you said, Havisham?

HAVIS. The whole county is interested, my lord.

EARL. But the tenantry, the tenantry, Havisham?

HAVIS. My lord, there never was such excitement among them in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. They talk of it in their homes and they talk of it in their shops; it is the one topic on market day; one sees them standing in groups and discussing it.

EARL. And they say? (*call up band*)

HAVIS. Everything that is affectionate of Lord Fauntleroy and his mother.

EARL. What? She has made friends too?

HAVIS. Almost as many as her child. She has lived very quietly, but she has already a strong hold upon the people, and they say that—

EARL. (*half irritably*) That if she had not been such a mother she would not have had such a son. That's it, I suppose? (*crosses to L. table*)

HAVIS. Exactly, my lord.

EARL. Well, (*harshly*) there may be something in it. (*suddenly throws himself into chair*) Havisham, this has become a matter of life and death to me. I can't give him up and I won't. (*strikes table with fist*)

HAVIS. Let us hope it will not be necessary.

EARL. (*more excitedly*) If any one had told me I could be so fond of a child I would not have believed them. I detested children—my own more than the rest. I am fond of this one, fond of him, and he is fond of me.

HAVIS. With all his childish heart, my lord. (*ready band up L. U.*)

EARL. He never was afraid of me! He trusted me. By Heaven! he loves me! (*emotion*) He would have filled my place better than I have filled it! He would have been an honor to the name!

HAVIS. An honor to the name!

EARL. (*rises and walks about excitedly. Crosses R.*) And this woman, this coarse, vulgar, loud-voiced creature—she the mother of the Earl of Dorincourt! Never! Don't look at me like that, Havisham! You are comparing her with the other!

HAVIS. My lord, that would be impossible.

EARL. Yes! The devil take it! You're right, there's no comparing them. And I refused the other. I suppose I insulted her, and her confounded American pride will

not forgive it. (*crosses L.*) The lad will be robbed of his place! This is my punishment, I suppose—but I tell you I won't bear it. I *won't* bear it—the lad shall be Fauntleroy!

HAVIS. Unfortunately, my lord, the marriage certificate is genuine.

EARL. Damn the marriage certificate! (*sits in chair L. of table L.*) The woman's an impostor.

HAVIS. She is not a clever woman, she is merely a bold one. She has audacity enough to attempt a fraud, but not wit enough to carry it out. She would be sure to make blunders in the matter of detail.

EARL. Has she made blunders? Has she? Confound your mysterious airs, Havisham.

HAVIS. She loses her temper and then she loses her presence of mind. Like most women of her class, she forgets the importance of dates. When she is questioned then she loses her temper most.

EARL. Bring her to me, and I'll make her lose her temper. I swore I would not see her again, but bring her to me!

HAVIS. She has announced her intention of appearing here to-day with her child.

EARL. (*furious—up at window*) She has—has she? By Heaven, I'll have her turned out of the park. (*throws himself into chair again R.*) No! no! You see that I can't control myself, I am actually suffering. The boy—the boy, I must have the boy, Havisham. (*sudden change to rage*) I've had my own way all my life, I'm not going to be beaten at the last. (*tone more subdued*) What has the lad done to stir me so? (*shouts, sounds of music outside, tenantry passing by to fete*)

*Enter CEDRIC, running.*

CED. (*runs to window*) They are coming! There they are! It's the people come to my birthday? Where are the crutches? (*runs to corner and snatches up crutches, shouldering them like a gun*) Here they are! and when Lame Tom passes I'm going to run down the steps and give them to him, with my grandfather's compliments. (*runs to window again*) There's old Dame Dibble in her red cloak. (*calls out*) How do you do, Dame Dibble? They are all looking up. (*to the EARL*) They are looking for you. (*goes to EARL and takes his hand*) They want to see you.

EARL. (*going with him*) Are you sure it is me they want?

CED. Why, yes! You know how glad they always are to see you, and how they smile and take off their hats when we are riding together. There's Higgens with all his seven children. Hullo, Higgens, how are your children?

(to the EARL) See how they look at you and wave their hats. I hope they'll be that fond of me some day. (to some one outside) Hope you like my birthday, Gaffer Dill. How's your rheumatism? There—there's lame Tom. I see him coming, and he's only got his stick. Now for the crutches! Tom! Tom! (exit through window shouting) Tom, I've got something for you from my grandfather.

EARL. (looks after him and returns to seat. Stop band) That is what he has done. He has never seen me as I am. He has believed in me.

HAVIS. His mother told you that he would. (starts as if he saw something through window) My lord—his mother—Mrs. Errol is outside, she is coming to the castle.

EARL. Is she? Well, I sent for her.

HAVIS. Your lordship sent for her?

EARL. Yes, why not? Confound it! Haven't I a right to invite my own son's wife to pay me a visit, if I choose. I suppose you think I have forfeited the right. Well, she is coming, it appears. And I invited her.

HAVIS. (aside, rubbing his chin reflectively) Ah! he invited her!

EARL. She could have stayed away if she chose, but she loves the boy, and—and she's such a contrast to that other creature that I've decided that it will be a relief to look at her. I'm not given to sentimental relenting, and I'm not relenting.

HAVIS. No, my lord?

EARL. No. I simply choose to explain my intentions to her—and let the tenants see her to-day with the child—with Fauntleroy. That is all. (crossing to L.)

HAVIS. (aside) That is all. (enter SERVANT)

SERVANT. Mrs. Errol, my lord.

Enter MRS. ERROL; she bows to EARL and to MR. HAVERSHAM.

MRS. E. You wish to see me, my lord?

EARL. Yes. (pulls his moustache and stands looking at her) Glad you have decided to come. (points to chair R. of table L. H.)

MRS. E. (sits) It will give Cedric great pleasure.

EARL. (sits) Ah, that means my pleasure was not considered.

MRS. E. I had not imagined that my presence here could give pleasure to your lordship.

EARL. Not entirely unreasonable. (looks at her, pulling his moustache again suddenly) The boy is very like you.

MRS. E. It has often been said so, but I have been glad to think him like his father, also.

EARL. Yes! yes! He is like my son, too. Do you know why I asked you to come here?

MRS. E. Mr. Havisham has told me of the claim that has been made and—

EARL. I sent for you to tell you that they will be contested to the bitter end. I sent for you to say the boy's rights shall be defended with all the power of the law.

MRS. E. He must have nothing that is not his by right, even if the law gives it to him.

EARL. Unfortunately the law cannot. If it could, it should. This outrageous woman and her child.

MRS. E. Perhaps she cares for him as much as I care for Ceddie, my lord, and if she was your eldest son's wife, her son is Lord Fauntleroy and mine is not.

EARL. I suppose you would much prefer that your son should not be the Earl of Dorincourt?

MRS. E. It is a very magnificent thing to be the Earl of Dorincourt, my lord. I know that; but I care most that he should be what his father was, brave and just and true always.

EARL. (*sardonically*) In striking contrast to what his grandfather was, eh?

MRS. E. I have not had the pleasure of knowing his grandfather, but I know my little boy believes (*rises. She takes a step forward, looking up and speaking gently*)—I know that Cedric loves you!

EARL. Would he have loved me if you had told him why I did not receive you at the castle?

MRS. E. I think not; that was why I did not wish him to know.

EARL. (*brusquely*) Well, there are few women who would not have told him. (*begins to walk up and down*) Yes, he is fond of me, and I of him. I can't say I was ever fond of anything before. I am proud of him—that is it. He pleased me from the first. I am an old man and was tired of my life—he has given me something to live for, and now—it is to be taken from me.

HAVIS. Perhaps not, my lord.

EARL. (*seated*) Perhaps not! You say the woman's marriage certificate is a legal one. What can we do? Who is to help us?

*Enter CEDRIC quickly and greatly excited.*

CEP. Dick and Mr. Hobbs, Dearest. Grandpapa, here are Dick and Mr. Hobbs! Here they are! They've come in time for my birthday!

EARL. (*turning towards door and putting up eyeglass*) Dick and Mr. Hobbs!

CEP. Come in, Dick. Come in, Mr. Hobbs! (*enter HOBBS and DICK, c. at opening*) They are all in here—my grandpapa and all. Oh! I'm so glad. (*introducing HOBBS*) My grandpapa the Earl of Dorincourt. My friend

Mr. Hobbs, who keeps the grocery store. (EARL *stares aghast*. HOBBS *bows*) And my other friend, Dick—the one that's the perffessional bootblack. (EARL *turns quickly and stares and nods at him*. DICK *makes his bow also and falls back*) And here's Dearest and here's Mr. Havisham. (MRS. ERROL *and* MR. HAVISHAM *shake hands with* DICK *and* HOBBS. CEDRIC *runs to the* EARL *and clings to his arm delightedly*) Now we're all together, Dearest. How are you, Dick? How are you, Mr. Hobbs? And isn't it delightful! (*gets on* EARL'S *chair*)

EARL. Ahem! (*looking at* DICK *and* MR. HOBBS) Very! In fact extremely so!

CED. I knew you'd like it. And Ben came with them, to look for his little boy he lost. Tell them, Dick.

DICK. (R. C.) Ben, he made money out in Californy an' he'd made up his mind from the fust to find the kid as soon as he could. An' he heard somewhere as Minna'd took it to England, an' then he tracked her to a place in Lunnon, where she'd left it an' gone off with a lord.

CED. With a lord!

MR. H. With a lord!

DICK. Yes. He spent money to find it out, did Ben—cos he was bound to have the kid. He's a good feller, Ben is, an' he wants to bring the kid up right, an' he tracked her to a place in Italy—an' blest if he didn't hear she was married to the lord. An' a downright bad un he was.

MR. H. Dear me! what a sad story! And what was the young woman's name?

DICK. Minna. An' a corking good-lookin' gal, too. Black eyes, you know, and lots o' black hair; folks used to say her mother was a Dago—

MR. H. (R.) And her name was Minna? (*crosses to* DICK) I think I have heard that name before. Did your brother find out anything else about her?

DICK. Well, not much. He doesn't know where she is now, though he thinks she's somewheres round about England—but her lord's dead anyhow, he's heard that. (*going up a little*)

MR. H. Ah! then she's a widow with a title.

EARL. Havisham!

MR. H. It is a romantic story, my lord, but not a new one. In fact American young women have contracted rather a habit of marrying English noblemen. (*to* MR. HOBBS R. C.) Did you know this young person, Mr. Hobbs?

HOBBS. (C.) No, sir. Nor ain't had no wish to. From what I've heard of her, she was a young woman as was ekal to anythin'. I ain't given to female society anyhow—an' at young women as throws dinner-plates promiscuous, I dror a line.



CED. (*to HOBBS and DICK*) I knew it would surprise you to know that I might not be a lord after all.

HOBBS. Surpriséd! Well, sez I to myself, I *am* jiggered!

DICK. (*to CEDRIC*) The whole thing's bust up, ain't it? (*MRS. ERROL at R. table, DICK down with MR. HOBBS and CEDRIC*)

HOBBS. Bust up! It's my opinion it's a put-up job o' the British 'ristycrats to rob him of his rights, 'cause he's American. They've had a spite agin us ever since the Revolution, an' they've taken it out o' him. Like as not the whole government's got together to rob him of his lawful ownin's.

CED. No, I don't really think they have, Mr. Hobbs, because, you see, the only person who says I'm not a lord is a lady.

HOBBS. Ah! A female! Trust 'em to set a female to work at it. They know 'em, them earls. But, I tell you, I'm not going to stand it. I've come over to make an offer—an' I'm going to make it. You just tell your grand-father I want to speak to him.

CED. Grandpapa, Mr. Hobbs wants to speak to you. (*DICK goes up. CEDRIC joins his mother at back*)

EARL. Mr. Hobbs?

HOBBS. Yes, sir. Me!

EARL. And you wish to say?

HOBBS. (*jerking his thumb towards CEDRIC*) I knowed his father!

EARL. Ah!

HOBBS. Yes, we was intimate acquaintances. I supplied him with groceries. (*sits in chair L. of R. table*)

EARL. Very laudable, I'm sure.

HOBBS. When he was born (*jerking his thumb at CEDRIC*) I was the fust as knowed it. The Captain come in an' he says to me, "Hobbs," sez he, "it's a boy;" an' ses I, "Captain, so much the better!" An' after he goes home I give free ginger ale to every boy as come in the rest of the day.

EARL. Indeed!

HOBBS. Yes, and I'd do it again! An' ses I to myself, when the Captain died, I'll be a parent to him. An' if he grows up a honor to his mother, this ere grocery business goes to him.

EARL. Ah! He would have inherited the grocery business?

HOBBS. (*triumphantly*) An' had his name over the door! Ah, he'd have shone, he'd have shone, an' been a credit to me.

EARL. My good man, let us hope so—but may I inquire—

HOBBS. I was comin' to it. Between friends it's as well to speak out, an' at first this here earl business didn't suit me.

EARL. It didn't suit you?

HOBBS. No, it didn't—but, now it's begun an' it seems to have agreed with him—an' now I've seen him—an' the place, I ain't agin it.

EARL. Upon my word I'm much obliged to you.

HOBBS. You're welcome. It's a place as I shouldn't ha' built myself, an' there's a deal o' waste ground in the park as might be put down in taters an' turnips, but he likes it, an' he shall have it if I can do anything towards it.

EARL. (*aside*) Confound his impudence! (*aloud*) I am glad you have no objections.

HOBBS. I don't say as I mayn't find things to object to later on, but just now the business I am goin' into is this here other young woman as wants the Earlery. (*HAVISHAM beckons to DICK, who is up R., and they meet over L. and converse. MRS. ERROL and CEDRIC come down R.*)

EARL. And you propose—

HOBBS. (*getting up from chair, pulling out pocketbook*) This here calls for lawyers—lawyers calls for money. I don't know how much you're willing to spend, but I'm willin' to give you all I'm makin' but a bare livin'. And here's the papers signed all ready—Silas Hobbs, corner o' Blank St. Vegetables and fancy groceries. (*forces pocketbook on EARL*) Now you go ahead.

MRS. E. (*comes forward and taking his hand*) Oh! Mr. Hobbs! Oh! Mr. Hobbs! The old kind heart!

HOBBS. (*wiping his forehead*) Thank you, ma'am. But he'd ha' had the grocery business, anyhow. Let him take it now for a birthday present.

CED. But you mustn't give me your money, Mr. Hobbs. If I'm not an earl, I'm going to work myself.

EARL. (*to MR. HOBBS*) My dear Mr. Hobbs, this won't be necessary, but it's extremely disinterested, and I thank you on Lord Fauntleroy's behalf. May I ask if it was to say this that you came to England?

HOBBS. To say it—and likewise to stick to it.

EARL. (*aside*) Well, it appears that there are persons with affections and that sort of thing. Curious developments. Little abnormal. (*CEDRIC going up to DICK. Aloud*) Well, thank you again, you have certainly been generous. And I—Lord Fauntleroy is delighted to see you here on his birthday. If you will go with him into the park, he will entertain you to the best of his ability. You will find refreshments in the tents, and other amusements, if you care for them. (*HOBBS and DICK going up C.*)

MRS. E. Yes, darling. Good-morning, my lord.

EARL. (*takes steps towards her*) Before you return to Court Lodge I should like to see you again.

MRS. E. I will return, my lord. Come, Cedric.

CED. Come, Dick; come, Mr. Hobbs. We are coming, Dearest. (*exit HOBBS, CEDRIC, DICK and MRS. ERROL*)

EARL. Now, Havisham, what have you to say?

HAVIS. My lord, as I said before, the world is full of coincidences. It may mean nothing. It would be folly to count on it, but I confess I have suspected the woman strongly. Her child looked older than she said he was, and she made a slip in speaking of the date of his birth, and then tried to patch it up and did it badly. She looked confused and frightened. The story this boy tells really fits in curiously, especially as—

EARL. Especially as what?

HAVIS. The name on the certificate is Mariana, but one day in quoting her husband she used another name, and I think it was Minna; that is the coincidence.

EARL. Question her again. You said she had threatened to come here to-day.

*Enter MINNA by window.*

MIN. Yes, I said I was coming and here I am. Good-morning, gentlemen.

EARL. I suppose you have a reason for preferring to come in by the window?

MIN. Yes. It ain't unlikely I should have stopped at the door. And I guess the footman wouldn't have dared to announce me *properly* as Lady Fauntleroy, you know.

EARL. No. I can assure you he would not! (*sits in chair R.*)

MIN. (*laughs*) You're celebrating Lord Fauntleroy's birthday, and so I've brought Lord Fauntleroy himself to see how it's done.

EARL. Hold your tongue.

HAVIS. I respectfully submit, my lord. These differences of opinion do not advance matters.

MIN. No, they don't, and matters have got to be advanced; I'm tired of this. There's got to be a change of some sort.

HAVIS. (*to MINNA*) Will you sit down? I have a few notes I wish to refer to.

MIN. (*throws herself in chair R. of table*) You've always got a few notes, but you're a decent old fellow after all, and you know your business.

HAVIS. (L.) Thank you. (*sits down by table himself and produces papers. EARL sitting on chair R.*) We are compelled to admit that your marriage certificate gives you a strong position.

MIN. Well—rather!

HAVIS. At the same time there arise other questions, such as the question of identity for instance.

MIN. They'll be easily settled, I guess.

HAVIS. "I guess" is an Americanism, is it not? Have you ever been in America?

MIN. (*shortly and with uneasiness*) No.

HAVIS. The late Lord Fauntleroy had, I believe; you probably caught some phrases from him.

MIN. (*hastily*) Yes, I did, a lot of them. Go on about the identity.

HAVIS. In the course of inquiry we have found that the person who lived with the late Lord Fauntleroy at the time you say you were his wife (*deliberately*) was not called by the baptismal name that is used in your certificate, Mariana.

MIN. (*looks at him and begins to laugh*) Thought you'd got me, didn't you?

HAVIS. The thought was naturally suggestive.

MIN. (*mockingly*) Well, she wasn't called by the baptismal name on the certificate. She was called Minna, that's what she was called. I've been called Minna all my life.

HAVIS. And the name Mariana?

MIN. My mother gave it me and it was dropped, because it was too long. My mother was an Italian.

EARL. (*aside*) Her mother was an Italian. So was the other one.

HAVIS. Have you any letter of the late Lord Fauntleroy's in which he addressed you as Minna?

MIN. (*triumphantly*) Lots of 'em. Not very well spelled—and not very long. He wasn't a literary man, the late Lord Fauntleroy! But I've got letters of his, and what's more I've got one in my pocket that's signed: "Your affect. husband." He didn't often do that, I can tell you, but he did it once or twice, and I found this very letter to-day among some old papers, and I brought it in my pocket. (*draws it out and lays it on table. Impudently*) I'm not afraid to show it to you, because my lawyer's seen it and so have other people.

HAVIS. (*takes up letter. MINNA watching him, opens it and examines it closely*) Yes, this is the late Lord Fauntleroy's handwriting.

MIN. Does his lordship credit, doesn't it? And the spelling takes the cake!

HAVIS. "My dear Minna! I'm in a jolly good humor to-day. I've heard from that blooming old fool at Dorincourt."

MIN. (*nodding towards EARL*) That means his lordship!

HAVIS. (*continues reading*) "After our lark at Richmond yesterday I went to my lodgings to see if there was

a letter and I found one. The usual thing. What an old ass he is!"

EARL. Exactly my son's style.

HAVIS. "But there was a check—the old bloke knows he has to come down sometimes in spite of himself. So now we are set up for a while and we'll run over to Paris. You looked devilish handsome yesterday, but you'd no need to lark with that fool Blackburn as you did. He'll only laugh at you as he does at all the women. And you've got to remember you're my wife now, and Lady Fauntleroy, after all. We'll start for Paris to-morrow. Your affectionate husband, Bevis. P. S. If Blackburn calls to-day, don't see him."

MIN. How does that suit you?

HAVIS. Very well indeed. (*slowly*) Very well indeed.

MIN. What do you mean by that?

HAVIS. The date of the letter is quite correct, I suppose?

MIN. Yes. It was written at the end of June.

HAVIS. (*looking at letter*) The 20th of June; are you sure you were at Richmond with your husband on *that* day?

MIN. Come! you can't trip me there! There's your letter, there's your date. And I'll give you some particulars that Captain Blackburn will prove if he's asked about it. We went down in a four-in-hand and I drove. And a lark it was. (*laughs*)

HAVIS. You drove?

MIN. Ask Blackburn; it made an impression on him. Bevis had taught me to drive—it was the only thing he knew.

HAVIS. And you drove a four-in-hand to Richmond on the 20th of June of that year. Curious.

MIN. What's curious about it? There's your letter, there's your date, there's the signature of my affectionate husband. What's curious about that?

HAVIS. That it was the very day of the very year on which you say your child was born.

MIN. (*springing up*) You old villain!

HAVIS. You imprudent young woman.

MIN. It's all a trap, the date's a mistake. He was a fool, and was always making mistakes, he could scarcely write his own name. You smooth old hypocrite! (*to the EARL*) You doddering old imbecile! don't stand sneering at me—it won't help you. It's all a lie!

EARL. I have no doubt of it!

HAVIS. My good young woman, this won't do at all. You are in a trap and you've walked into it yourself.

MIN. I'll show you! You rascally thief!

HAVIS. (*determinedly*) Come! Come! You've told

lies and contradicted yourself from the first! I've made notes of it. I'd advise you to give it up!

MIN. You'll see if I do!

HAVIS. A cross-examination would bring your structure about your ears in fifteen minutes. Your certificate is correct, the rest is not.

MIN. Go on! Go on! Say all you like, you'll pay for it soon enough.

EARL. We have had some visitors from America this morning. One is a boy whose name is—what's the boy's name—Havisham?

HAVIS. Richard Tipton, my lord.

MIN. Dick!

EARL. He has come with his brother. What's the brother's name, Havisham?

HAVIS. Benjamin Tipton.

MIN. It's a lie!

EARL. By a curious coincidence Benjamin Tipton comes to search for a young woman, whose name was—what was the young woman's name, Havisham?

HAVIS. Minna Tipton, my lord.

EARL. She was the young man's wife, she was a young person of enterprise. A dark young woman, handsome in a vulgar way—her mother was an Italian. She had a child, a boy. She left New York and brought him to England. She left him somewhere and ran off with a certain young nobleman, whom she married.

HAVIS. Bigamy! Felonious, by the way!

MIN. Shut your mouth.

*Enter CEDRIC through window C.*

CED. Grandpapa, that little boy—you know the other Fauntleroy—he's out there and he won't come in.

MIN. (*savagely*) What's he been doing?

CED. I found him in the park, a lot of people were looking at him and nobody would play with him. Some boys were teasing him and he was just beginning to cry.

EARL. And I suppose you took him under your protection. (*ring up band*)

CED. Oh, no! I just said to the boys, "Don't tease him, he can't help being a lord any more than I could." And then I said to him, "Come and have some gingerbeer." And he's all right now, but he won't come in. He says he's afraid of you!

MIN. He takes after his father, the late Lord Fauntleroy.

CED. And where do you suppose he was born? He says he was born in New York, for his mother once told him so, and his father lives in California.

MIN. (*gasping*) He's lying and swaggering—that's Fauntleroy all over, liar and swaggerer. (*making dart at*

FAUNTLEROY) You're lying too, you little vagabond, he never said a word of it. (*crosses R.*)

CED. (*stepping back a little and looking up at EARL innocently*) What's the matter with her?

*Enter by window, MRS. ERROL, HOBBS and DICK.*

DICK. (*sees MINNA, stops short, stares, mouth drops open; a second's silence*) Bile me an' eat me, if it ain't Minna.

EARL. You know her?

DICK. Easy! She ain't no 'ristocrat, she ain't. She's no lord's wife. It's Minna! I'd know her anywheres—an' so'd Ben! Ax him!

HAVIS. You could swear it?

DICK. You try me. Swear it! There's a dozen as could.

MIN. You impudent scamp. You and your fool of a brother, you've always been in my way. A nice lot you are to be believed. (*flies at him*)

CED. (*runs before DICK*) You mustn't hit him.

DICK. (*laughing*) All right, young 'un. She won't hurt me. (*to MINNA*) Ben's at Dorincourt Arms! He'll tell 'em who you are fast enough! He come 'ere to look for yer!

HAVIS. If you don't want to be locked up, young woman, I should advise you to go!

EARL. (*seated with CEDRIC on his knees*) And if you have anything more to say, you can reserve it until your lawyer thinks proper to produce your evidence!

MIN. (*seizes letter from table and tears it into fragments*) Little, shambling, weak-minded beast! I might have known he'd be the one that would spoil it! You! (*to DICK*) You've not heard the last of me yet. (*to HOBBS*) What are you staring at, blockhead? (*to EARL, laughing hysterically*) At any rate I've given you trouble enough, you proud old fool! I've made you smart! And I've taken enough out of you to pay me a little! You wouldn't have anything to do with her. (*pointing to MRS. ERROL. Readyband and shouts*) She wasn't good enough for you; but you've had to take me whether you liked it or not. I was your son's choice, anyhow; he thought he'd married me, and if I'd carried this thing out I'd have done him credit and you too.

EARL. I am sure you would, but as it is, suppose you leave the room before I ring for the servants? (*MINNA going up c.*)

Mrs. E. Wait one moment. Where is her little boy?

MIN. I'll leave him to his father, or to you, if you like it better. You can bring him up with Lord Fauntleroy. (*MINNA exits c.*)

DICK. Well! She's the daisiest gal I ever saw! She's—well, she's just a daisy, that's what she is, and no mistake. (HAVISHAM *speaks aside to THOMAS, who goes out.* MRS. ERROL *and EARL take steps towards each other*)

MRS. E. It is Lord Fauntleroy!

EARL. Fauntleroy, ask your mother when she will come to us at the castle.

CED. (*throws his arms round his mother's neck*) To live with us always, and always. Dearest! Dearest!

MRS. E. Are you quite sure you want me?

EARL. Quite sure we have always wanted you, but we were not exactly aware of it. We hope you will come.

CED. (*to EARL*) Will Mr. Hobbs and Dick come too?

EARL. We will provide for Dick. He shall live near us!

DICK. Thank ye, sir, my lord.

CED. Then there will be Dick, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Havisham, Grandpapa, Dearest. (*band and shouts outside L. U. E.*)

EARL. Fauntleroy, say to them that you thank them for their kindness, as loudly as you can.

CED. I am ever so much obliged to you, and I hope you will enjoy my birthday, because I have enjoyed it so much—and—I'm very glad I'm going to be an earl—I didn't think at first I should like it, but now I do—and I love this place so, and I think it is beautiful—and—when I am an earl, I am going to try and be as good as my grandfather. (*Embraces*

EARL.)

EARL.

CEDRIC.

DICK.

MRS. ERROL.

HOBBS.

HAVISHAM.

CURTAIN.



## BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 males, 5 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, constructed with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin's big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popular with all audiences. Price, 60 Cents.

## NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into—with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be wholeheartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies that this country can boast. Price, 60 Cents.

## IN WALKED JIMMY.

A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, 2 females (although any number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc.). Two interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours. The thing into which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when the clerks had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplation of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mysterious figure had it not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his everlasting humanness. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of the girl clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a permanent boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a dash of excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy" one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of life, the religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates the atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of optimism, good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull moment in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents.

## MARTHA BY-THE-DAY.

An optimistic comedy in three acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is altogether a gentle thing, this play. It is full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recall and chuckle over to-morrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her very successful book for stage service, and in doing this has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful. Price, 60 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

---

SAMUEL FRENCH, 23-30 West 38th Street, New York City  
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

## THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

The famous comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. 7 males, 6 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays  $2\frac{1}{4}$  hours.

This is a genuinely funny comedy with splendid parts for "Aunt Mary," "Jack," her lively nephew; "Lucinda," a New England ancient maid of all work; "Jack's" three chums; the Girl "Jack" loves; "Joshua," Aunt Mary's hired man, etc.

"Aunt Mary" was played by May Robson in New York and on tour for over two years, and it is sure to be a big success wherever produced. We strongly recommend it. Price, 60 Cents.

## MRS. BUMSTEAD-LEIGH.

A pleasing comedy, in three acts, by Harry James Smith, author of "The Tailor-Made Man." 6 males, 6 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays  $2\frac{1}{4}$  hours.

Mr. Smith chose for his initial comedy the complications arising from the endeavors of a social climber to land herself in the altitude peopled by hyphenated names—a theme permitting innumerable complications, according to the spirit of the writer.

This most successful comedy was toured for several seasons by Mrs. Fiske with enormous success. Price, 60 Cents.

## MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM.

A most successful farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William Morris. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene stands throughout the three acts. Costumes modern. Plays  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a sprightly farce in which there is an abundance of fun without any taint of impropriety or any element of offence. As noticed by Sir Walter Scott, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive."

There is not a dull moment in the entire farce, and from the time the curtain rises until it makes the final drop the fun is fast and furious. A very exceptional farce. Price, 60 Cents.

## THE NEW CO-ED.

A comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. Characters, 4 males, 7 females, though any number of boys and girls can be introduced in the action of the play. One interior and one exterior scene, but can be easily played in one interior scene. Costumes modern. Time, about 2 hours.

The theme of this play is the coming of a new student to the college, her reception by the scholars, her trials and final triumph.

There are three especially good girls' parts, Letty, Madge and Estelle, but the others have plenty to do. "Punch" Doolittle and George Washington Watts, a gentleman of color, are two particularly good comedy characters. We can strongly recommend "The New Co-Ed" to high schools and amateurs. Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

---

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City  
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

## DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS.

A brand new comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," and many other successful plays. 4 males, 7 females. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange; two plain interiors and one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the two interiors will answer. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story is about vocational training, a subject now widely discussed; also, the distribution of large wealth.

Back of the comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is good logic and a sound moral in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of the experienced amateur. It is a clean, wholesome play, particularly suited to high school production. Price, 30 Cents.

## MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

A modern play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "The Touchdown," etc. 6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This delightful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, unusual character types, a striking and original plot and is essentially modern in theme and treatment. The story concerns the adventures of Constance Darcy, a multi-millionaire's young daughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a young man who had been in her father's employ and had stolen a large sum of money. She almost succeeds, when suddenly all traces of the young man are lost. At this point she meets some old friends who are living in almost want and, in order to assist them through motives benevolent, she determines to sink her own aristocratic personality in that of a refined but humble little Irish waitress with the family that are in want. She not only carries her scheme to success in assisting the family, but finds romance and much tense and lively adventure during the period of her incognito, aside from capturing the young man who had defrauded her father. The story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic situations and is highly recommended for amateur production. This is one of the best comedies we have ever offered with a large number of female characters. The dialogue is bright and the play is full of action from start to finish; not a dull moment in it. This is a great comedy for high schools and colleges, and the wholesome story will please the parents and teachers. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 30 Cents.

## PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

An exceptionally pretty comedy of Puritan New England, in three acts, by Amita B. Fairgrieve and Helena Miller. 9 male, 5 female characters.

This is the Lend A Hand Smith College prize play. It is an admirable play for amateurs, is rich in character portrayal of varied types and is not too difficult while thoroughly pleasing.

Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

---

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City  
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

# The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

# Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammelled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title.

Price, 30 Cents.

# The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

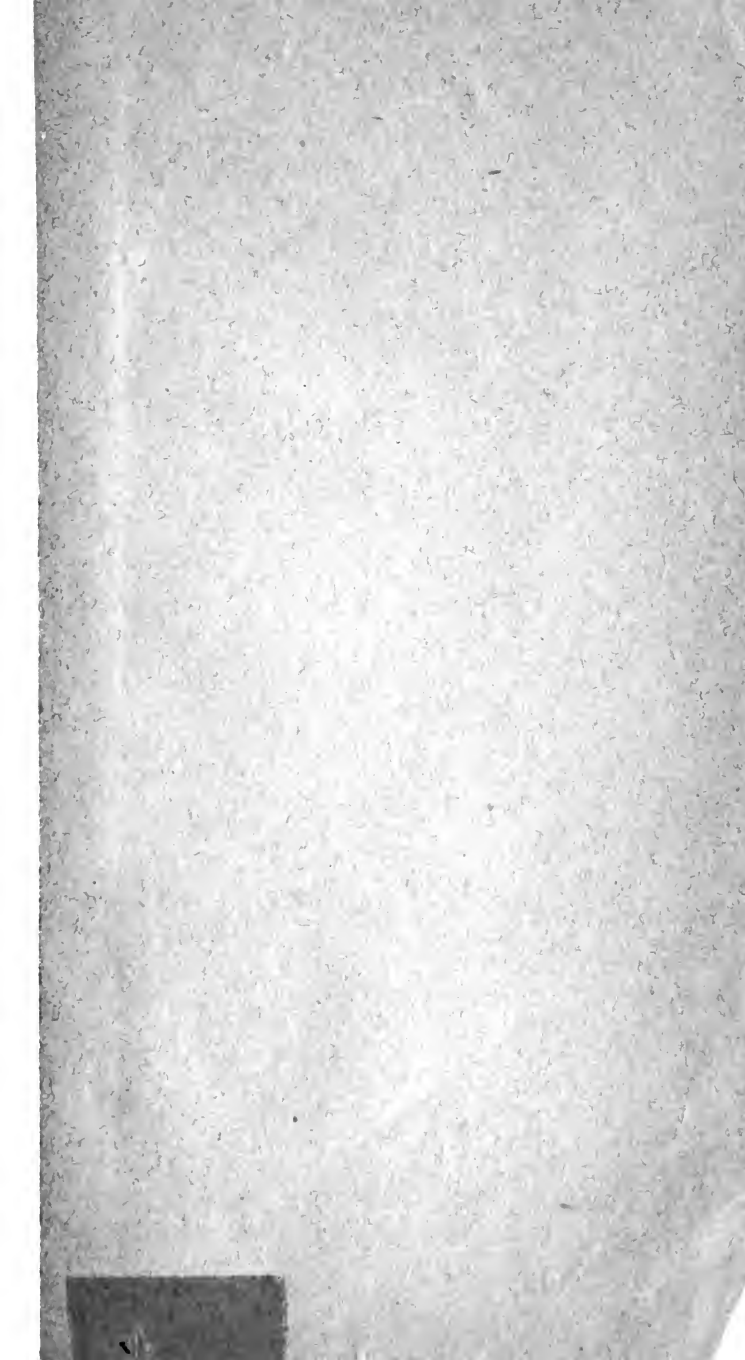
Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

---

SAMUEL FRENCH. 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City  
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request





PS  
1214  
L47  
1913

Burnett, Frances (Hodgson)  
Little Lord Fauntleroy

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW



D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C  
39 13 12 05 10 037 1